ANE

compendius

Buik. of Godly and Spirituall
Sangis.

Collctit out of ſundrye partes of the
Scripture, with ſundrye vther Ballatis
changeit out of prophaine ſangis
in godly ſangis, for auoyding
of ſin and harlatry, with
augmentation of ſyndry
gude & godly ballatis
not conteint in the
firſt Edition.

Exactly correctit and newlye
Prented at Edinbrugh be Robert
Smyth dwelling at
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BRITISH MUSEUM

Thè Prologuè

PAull wrytand to the Coloſſ in his thrid Chapter ſayis: Lat the word of God dwell in zow plenteouſly in all wiſdome: teiching and exhorting zowe awin ſelfis with Pſalmes and hymnis and Spirituall ſangis, quhilk haif lufe to God, and fauouris his word. We haue heir ane plaine text, that ye word of God increſſis plenteouſly in vs, be ſinging of Pſallmes & ſpirituall ſangis and that ſpecially amãg zong perſons and ſik as ar not exerciſit in the Scriptures. For thy will ſoner conſaue the trew word nor quhen thy heir it ſung In Latine the quhilk they wait nocht quhat it is. Bot quhẽ thay heir it ſing or ſingis it them ſelfis into thair vulgare toung with ſweit melody: than ſall thay loue thair God, with hart and mynde: and cauſe them till put away bawdrie and vncleine Sangis, Prays to God. Amen.

Text of the Catechiſme, or Inſtructioun Chriſtian men

Quhilk is neceſſary to euery man that wald
be ſauit, to knaw and exercis thame ſelfis dayly
Thairin, côntenand the ten commandemētis of God
The twelf Articles of our Faith.
The Lordis Prayer or Pater noſter.
Of our Baptiſme and of the Lordis Supper.
And firſt the ten Commandementis of God as
they are wryttin in Exod. xx. Chap.

I am the Lord thy GOD quhilk haue brocht the out of land of Egipt and out of the hous of bondage: thow ſall not haue any vther ſtrange Goddis befoir my face.

¶ Thow ſall not mak to thy ſelf ony grauen Image, nor the ſimilitude of ony thing that is In heuin aboue or in the earth beneth, or in the watters vnder the eirth, Thow ſall nocht bow downe thy ſelfe to thame nor worſchip them. For I am the Lord thy God am a Jelous God, and viſitis the ſinnis of the Fatheris vpon the Children vnto the thrid and forut generatioun of them that hait me, & ſchéw mercie vnto thouſandis of them that lufe me and keipis my commandementis.

Thow ſall not take the name of the Lord

thy God in vaine.

Remember that thow keip haly the Sabboth day.

Honour thy Father and Mother.

Thow ſall nocht ſlay.

Thow ſall not commit Adultery

Thow ſall nocht ſteill:

Thow ſall not beir fals witnes againſt thy Ninchbour.

Thow ſall nocht deſyre thy Nichtbour hous.

Thow ſall nocht deſyre thy Nichtbouris wyfe nor his ſeruand, nor his Maiden nor his oxe nor his Aſſe, nor ony thing that is thyne nichtbouris.

¶ Followis the threitning of God maid to them that brekis his commandements, and his promis is maid to them that keipis them.
Deut. xvii.

¶ Curſit ar they that continew is not in all the Wordis of this Law to do them, and all the peopill ſall ſall ſay Amen. Exod. xx.

¶ Followis the twelf Articklis of our Faith or Creid, as thay war writtin be the Apoſtillis to the thre perſons in Trinitie.

1 I Beleue in God the Father almichty maker of heuin and eird.
2 and in Ieſus Chriſt his only ſone our Lord

k was conſauit be the haly Gaiſt, borne
the Virgin Mary.
Sufferit vnder Ponce Pylat, was Crucifeed
died and buried, he diſcended into the Hell.
5 The thrid day he rais agane fra the deied,
He aſcendit into heuin, and ſitis at the richt
hand of God the Father almychtie.
Fra thence ſall cum to Iudg the quick and
the deid.
8 I beleue in the haly Gaiſt.
9 The haly Catholick Kirk, the communioun
of Sanctis.
10 The remiſſioun of Sinnis,
11 The reſurrectioun of the body,
12 Any lyfe euerlaſting.

Finis

¶ Followis the Lordis prayer or Pater noſter: as it is writtin in the 6. chap. of Mat. Quhilk Chriſt leirnit vs, to pray commandand vs to pray: and promeiſt to heir vs. Contenand.

7 Petitiouns, and all thingis, neceſſary for vs.

OVr Father that art in heuin, hallowit be
thy Name.
Thy Kingdome come.]

Thy

3 Thy will be done in eirth as it in heuin.
4 Giue vs this day our dayly breid:
5 Forgiue vs our trſpaſſes, as we forgeue
them that treſpaſſe aganis vs.
6 And leid vs not into temptation.
7 Bot delyuer vs from euill. For thyne is the
Kingdome the power & ye gloir for euer Amen.

¶ Followis of onr Baptiſma. Mat. xxxiii

GO zour way and teithe all Nations, and Baptiſe them in the name of the Father, of the Sone, and of the haly Gaiſt. Mat. 16. Go zour way into all the warld, and preiche the Euangell till all Creaturis, and quha that beleuis and is Baptizit ſall be ſaif. Bot quha that beleuis not ſall be condampnit, Tit. 3. Nocht for the warkis of richteouſnes quhilk we haue wrocht, bot eftir his greit mercy, God hes ſauit vs be the Fontane of the new birth, and renewing of the haly Gaiſt. Quhilk he ſched on vs aboundantly throw Jeſns Chriſt our Sauiour, that we being maide richteous be his grace ſuld be airis of Eternall lyfe: according to hope that trew. Rome, 6. Thairfoir we ar buryit with Chriſt be Baptiſme into deid: ſa as Chriſt was raiſit fra deid be the glort of his Father, euin ſa we alſo ſuld walk in a new lyfe.

Followis the Lordis Supper as it is writtin
in the 1. Epiſt. to the Corinth; chap. 2.

That quhilk I hau e delyuerit vnto zow, I reſauit of the Lord. For the Lord Jeſus the ſame nicht in the quhilk he was betrayit tuke the breid brak it, gaue thankis and ſaid. Tak ȝe, eit ȝe, that is my body quhilk is brokin for ȝow: do ȝe in remembrance of me. Efter the ſame maner alſo, he tuke the coup quhen the Supper was done and ſaid, This coup is the new teſtament in my blud, do this (als oft as ȝe drink it) in the rememberance of me, for als oft as ȝe ſall eit of this breid, and drink of this coup, ȝe ſall ſchaw the Lords deith; vntill his cumming Quhairfoir quhaſaeuer ſall eit of this breid and drink of this coup of the Lord vnworthely: ſalbe gilty of the body and blude of the Lord. Bot lat euery man examine himſelf, and lat him eit of this breid, and drinke of this coup. For he that eitis and drinkis vnworthely, eitis and drinks his owin condemnatioun becaus he makis na difference of Lordis body and blude.

Followis the power of binding and lowſing grantit to the treu preichours of Goddis word Mat: xvi

Moyſes vpon the Mont Sinay

✠ The keyis of heuin will I giue vnto the. Quhatſa euer thow ſall bind vpon the eird, ſall be bound alſo in heuin: and quhat ſa euer thow ſall louſe vpon the eird ſall be lowſit alſo in heuin: Quhais Sinnis ʒe forgiue, are forgeuin vnto thame, and quhais Sinnis ʒe reteine are reteinit vnto thame.

Heir follnwis the Catechiſme put in meter, to be ſung with the tune and firſt the ten. commandis.

Moyſes vpon the Mont Sinay,
with the grit God ſpak face to face,
Faſtand and prayand but delay,
The tyme of fourtie dayis ſpace,
O God be mercifyll to vs.

And God gaif him thir ten Commandis,
To teich to mankynd euery ane,
And wrait thame with his awin handis,
Twyſe on twa Tablis maid of ſtane.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

I am thy God allanerly,
Serue me in feir and Faith thairfoir

Worſchip na kynd of Imagery,
And geue na creature my gloir,
O God be mercifull to vs.

ii Take nocht the Name of God in vaine,
Bot lat zour talke be nay and ze
Except ane Judge do zow conſtrane,
To teſtifie the veritie,
O God be mercifull to vs.

iii Work na euill wark on haly day,
Fle from all ſinfull luſt and ſleuth,
Walk and be ſober faſt and pray,
Heir him that preiche the word of treuth,
O God be mercifull to vs.

iiii Honour thy Elders: and thame ſupply,
Gif that their neid of the requyre,
Obey all Judges in thair degre,
Ordand ouer the till haue Impyre,
O God be mercifull vnto vs,

v Thow ſall not ſlay in no kin wyſe,
In counſell thocht nor outward deid,
Be thow ane Judge or on ane ſyſe,
In Judgement ordourly proceid,
O God be mercifull to vs.

vi Commit na kynd of lecherie,
Bot leif ane chaſt and ſober lyfe,

Want thow the gift of Chaſtity,
Burne not in luſt, bot wed ane wyfe.
O God be mercifull vnto vs.

vij Commit na thift, na man thow reif,
Leue on thy wage, thy rent or work,
Hald na mans geir, lat nane the crif,
Beg not and thow be haill and ſtark.
O God be mercifull vnto vs.

viij Beir na witnes with fals report,
Incontrair iuſt and richteous men,
Defame na man in ony ſort,
Suppois his falt or vice thow ken.
O God be mercifull to vs.

ix Thy nichtbouris wyfe, hous, heritage,
Thow couet not to the nor wis,
His hors, his Oxe, his Mayd, his Page,
Nor ony gudis that is his,
O God be mercifull to vs.

x Our por ſound nature (allace thairfoir)
Can neuer mair this Law fulfill
Bot greuand God ay moir and moir,
And can nocht wirk his godly will.
O God be mercifull to vs.

Than quhy gaue God to vs this Law,
The quhilk be na way we can keip,
That we be it our Sin ſuld knaw,

Repent and mende, and for it weip.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

Trew Faith in Chriſt wirkand be lufe,
Sall ſaue vs from the fyre of hell,
Thocht Goddis Angell wald this reprufe,
As fals and curſt ze him expell.
O God be mercifull to vs.

Finis.

¶ * Followis of our Creid.

VE trow in God allanerly,
Full of micht and Maieſty,
Maker of heuin and eird ſa braid,
Quhilk hes him ſelfe our Father maid.
And we his Sonnis ar in deid,
He will vs keip in all our neid,
Baith Saule and body to defend,
That na miſchance ſall vs offend,
He takis cure baith day and nicht,
To ſaue vs throw his godly micht,
Frome Sathans ſubtilty and ſlycht.

We trow in Ieſus Chriſt his Sone,
God lyke in gloir, our Lord allone,
Quhilk for his mercy and his grace,
Wald man be borne to mak our peace,
Of Marie mother Virgin chaſt,
Conſuit be the haly Gaiſt

For our ſaik on Croce did die,
Sin and Hell to mak vs fre,
Quho rais from deith throw his godheid
Our Mediatour and our remeid,
Sall cum to Judge baith quick and deid.

We trow in God the haly Spreit,
In all deſtres our comfort ſweit:
We trow the Kirk Catholick be,
And faithfull Chriſtin companie,
Throw all the warld with ane accord,
Remiſſion of our Sin we trow,
And this ſame fleſche that leuis now,
Sall ſtand vp at the latter day,
And bruke Eternall lyfe for ay.

FINIS

OUr Father God Omnipotent,
Quhen Chriſt thy Sone was heir preſent
He bad vs euer pray to the
Becaus we knew not for to pray
He leirnit vs quhat we ſuld ſay,
Syne hecht to heir vs mercifully.

Sen the to call is thy command,
Thyne awin wordis than vnderſtand,
Quhilk thow hes promeiſt for till heir;
Behalde nocht my vnworthines,

Bot luke till Chriſtis richteouſnes,
And with thy Faith my Spreit vp ſteir.

Lord thow will haue alanerlie,
Worſchip in Spreit and verity,
And till nane vther gif thy gloir,
Thy name than lat vs loue and dreid,
And call on it in all our neid,
And thank and loue the euermoir.

Deſtroy the Deuill. his Realme and Renge,
Quhilk of this warld is Prince and King,
And lat thy Goſpell be our gyde,
Conforme our lyfe eftir thy word,
That we may Regne for euer O Lord,
In thy Kinrik with the to byde.

God grant that we may wirk thy will,
In eird thy pleſour to fulfill:
Sicklyke as in the heuin Impyre
And quhat that euer we take on hand
May be conforme to thy commands
And nathing eftir our deſyre.

Geue vs this day our dayly breid,
And all thing that thow hes maid,
For mannis ſuſtentatioun,
And all thing quhairof we haue neid
Our Saull and body for to feid
But ſleuth or ſoliſtatioun

Forgaue

The Lordis Prayer

Forgeue our Sinnis and our treſpas
For Chriſtis ſaik quhilk geuin was
To deid for our Redemptioun
As we forgeue all Creature
Offendand vs baith rich and pure
Hartfully without exemption,

Defend vs frome temptatioun
The feind and his vexatioun
The warld ſa fals the fragill fleſche
Saif vs frome ſchame and from diſpair
From vnbeleue and Lollareis lair,
And deuillis doctrine mair and les.

Delyuer vs from euillis all
Baith Spirituall and Corporall
And grant vs grace quhen we ſall die
And fra this preſent lyfe we wend
That we may mak ane bliſſit end
Syne regne with the Eternally.

Power nor gloir Impyre nor tryne
Is nane in heuin nor eird bot thyne
And euermair ſall ſa remaine
Thairfoir thow may and will releue
All thame that can in Criſt beleue
Frome deid the Deuill and hellis paine.

Finis

Of our Baptiſme

Followis the effect of the Sacrament
of Baptiſme, and firſt Inſtitutioun thairof: declaring alſwa
quhat ſingulare comfort we
obteine be the ſaming.

Chriſt baptiſt was be Johne in Jordan flude
For to fulfill for vs all richteouſnes,
And our Baptiſme dotit with Sanctitude,
nd grit vertew, to weſche our ſinfulnes,
o drowne the deid. and hell for to oppres,
Quhen Goddis word, with water ioynit be,
Throw Faith to giue vs lyfe Eternally.

For our waiknes God of his mercy ſweit,
To ſtrenth our Faith ordand this Sacrament.
In name of Father Sone and haly Spreit:
To weſche our body, & in our mynde to prent
That word and water outward repreſent,
Throw working of the Spreit into our hart,
That Chriſtis blude weſchis away the ſin Inwart.

Our Baptiſme is ane takin and ane ſigne,
That ald Adame ſuld drownit be and die
And grauit in the deid of Chriſt our King,
To ryſe with him to lyfe Eternally,
That is we ſuld our ſin ay mortifie,
Reſiſtand vice, liue haly, Juſt and trew,
And throw the Spirite dayly our lyfe renew,

Be figure and be worde, Chriſt did vs teich.
The Fatheris voice was hard ſaying full cleir
Ieſus quhome I haif ſend my word to preich.
He is my weilbelouit Sone ſo deir,
In word, in wark, allone ze ſall him heir.
In him is all my pleſour and delyte.
To him I zow committ baith ſmall and greit

The haly Gaiſt come doun to teſtifie,
His doctrine and his Baptiſme to declair
In forme of dow ſat on him ſoberlie
In our Baptiſme to dout not nor deſpair
Baith Father Sone and haly Gaiſt ar thair
To be our gyde the Trynitie him ſell,
Hes geuin, in eird with vs to dwell

Chriſt bad his Apoſtillis preich to all creature
That thay with ſin, and hell war all forlorne
Quha will beleif and traiſt my wordis ſure.
And Baptiſt is and now agane is borne
And Sathan and his warkis hes forſworne
Thay ſalbe ſaif and neuer mair ſall die
Bot ring in glorie perpetuall with me

Quha will not this greit grace beleif, to hell
Salbe condempnit with Eternall deid,
Quhair Purgatorie and pardonis will not ſell.
And gud intent thair pylat plycht and leid
Dumm ceremoneis the quhilk thē ſelf hes maid
And wowis vaine quhilk thay did neuer keip

Sall gar them gnaſche thair teith and eyſs weip,
Our eins ſeis outward bot the watter cauld,
Bot our pure faith the power ſpiꝛituall
Of Chꝛiſtis blude inwart it dois behald,
Quhilk is ane leuand well Celeſtiall,
Zit foꝛ to purge the penetant withall.
Our nature ſin, in Adame to expell
And all treſpas, committit be our ſell

Our Baptiſme is not done all on ane day
Bot all our lyfe it leſtis Identlie.
Remiſſioun of our ſin, induris foꝛ ay.
Foꝛ thocht we fall. thꝛow grit fragilitie
The cunnand anis contract faithfully
Be our grit God, at Font ſall euer remains
Als oft as we repent and ſin refraine,

We can not giue to God louing conding
Foꝛ ſa grit grace and mercie infynit.
Quhilk inſtitute this Sacrament and Sing
Quhais grit vertew in vers I can not dyte,
Bot mony cunning Clerk of it dois wꝛyte
Full Chꝛiſtianelie: als the Catechiſme buke
Declaris at lenth, quha liſt to luke

the Supper of the Lord and richt wſe of jt to be ſung

OUr Sauiour Chꝛiſt King of grace.
With God the Father maid our peace
And with his bludie wounds fell

Hes vs redemit frome the hell

And he that we ſould not forȝet
Gaif vs his body for to eit
In forme of breid and gaue vs ſyne,
His blude to drink in forme of wyne

Quha will reſſaue this Sacrament
Suld haue trew faith and ſin repent.
Quha vſis it vnworthelie
Reſſauis deid Eternallie

We ſuld to God giue prais and gloir.
That ſched his blude vs to reſtoir,
Eit this in his rememberance
In ſigne of thy delyuerance

Thow ſuld not dout bot faſt beleue
That Chriſtis body ſall reſaue
all them that in heuines
Repentand fore thair ſinfulnes

Sik grace and mercie nane can traiſt
Bot thay that troublit hertis haif.
Feill thow than ſin. and abſtene thy ſell
Or thy reward ſalbe in hell.

Chriſt ſayis ſinneris cum vnto me,
Quhilk myſter hes of my mercie,
Neidis thow not my medecyne

I loſe my paine and trauelling
Giue thow thy ſelf thy ſaull culd win.
In vaine I diet for thy ſinne
My Supper is not graithit for thee
Giue thow can mak thy ſelf ſupple.

Will thow thy ſinfull lyfe confeſſe
And with this wark thy faith expres,
Sa ar ze worthie ſmall and greit
and it ſall ſtrenth zour faith perfyte

And thow ſall thankfull be thairfoir.
And loue thy God for euermoir,
Thy Nichbour lufe and als ſupple.
His neid, as Chriſt hes done for the

☞ Certane graces to be ſung or ſaid. be foir meit or eftir

All meit & drink was creat be the Lord.
Reſſauit for to be with thankfulnes.
To all faithfull knaweris of the trew word
To ſatiſfie thair neid with ſobernes
All fude is gude the quhilk God creat hes
And not to be refuſit ony day,
Only to God geuing the louing ay,
Be prayer and be Goddis word all meit
Unto the clene all thingis is clene to eit
Thairfoir we pray his godly Maieſtie

The Graces

To bliſs our meit and all our companie.
And ſall vs from exces and drunkinnes,
Efter our meit to thank his gentilnes

Chriſt leirnit vs on God how we ſould call:
And bad vs pray ſyne hecht to heir vs all
Our Father god quhilk is in heuin ſa hie.
Thy glorious name with vs mot hallowit be.
Lat cum to vs thy kindom/ and thy gloir,
Thy will mot be fulfillit euermoir.
In eird as it is in heuin but variance,
gif vs this day our dayly ſuſtenance,
Forgif our dettis for Chriſtis pane and ſmart,
As we forgiue our detteris with our hert
And leid vs not into temptatioun,
Bot for Chriſt Jeſus bitter paſſioun.
Delyuer from euillis ſpirituall
and corporall now and perpetuall,
Saif vs gude Lord for thy promeis deuyne.
For kindome power gloir all is thyne.
For ay amen. Lat it be ſa euer, we the pray.

We thank our God baith kynde and liberall,
His grace and mercie dois euer indure
He geuis ſuſtentatioun to vs all
To man and beiſt and euerie creature
and he allone dois feid baith riche and pure
Thairfoir to God be gloir allanerlye.
Throw Jeſus Chriſt we thank him hertfullie

The graces

Say the Lordis prayer aboue writtin befoir ſupper

Al Creature on the Lord dependis.
Thair ſuſtenance for to reſſaue of the.
thair meit & drink in tyme, to them thou ſendis.
Thow opinnis furth thy hand full graciouſlie
And ſatiſfyis all fleſche aboundantlie
Blis vs gude Lord into thir giftis gude,
Quhilk thow hes geuin to vs to be our fude

¶ Say the Lordis Prayer or ane part of the Catechiſme efter Supper

To our gude God of warldis Lord and King
Full of mercie onlie trew and wyſe.
Be louing, honour, gloir, without ending
Kingdome, impyre hieſt renoun and pryſe
With myndе and mouth gif we a thouſand ſyſe
All gloir to him quhilk alone worthie is
Aſking for Chriſt to bring vs to his blys.

¶ Say the Lordis prayer aboue Writtin ane grace to beſung

VE thank the God, of thy gudnes
Throw Ieſus Chriſt our gratious Lord.
For thy grit mercie and gentilnes
Quhilk feidis vs with thy ſweit word.
Sen all that euer tuke lyfe of the
Thow ſatiſfyis aboundantlie
We praiſe the all with one accord.

As thow hes fed the ſinfull fleſche
Quhilk ſone ſall die, and turne in as
Siclyke the ſillie ſaull refreſche.
The quhilk immortall creat was.
God for thy grace and mercie greit?
Grant vs ane ſteidfaſt Faith perfyte
and in thy gloir with the to paſſe.

To God on hicht be louing maiſt
Quhilk louſſis ſin alanerlie,
Till all that will repent and traiſt,
On Jeſus Chriſt his Sone onlie
Thow makis them thy Sone and air:
Throw him thow will them ſaif from cair,
To quhome be gloir Eternallie

¶Followis Spirituall ſangis and ane Confeſſioun of ſin with ane Prayer

SOre I complaine of Sin.
And with King Dauid weip,
I feill my hart within,
The wraith of God full deip
I wyte my greit traiſpas
Is caus of all my wo
Quhair with God greuit was
Full ſore and oft alſo.

¶ O God I me confes.
Ane ſinfull creature
Full of all wretchitneſſe.

Dore I complaine
Fragill bame, vyld and pure
Thair is na gude in me
Bot pryde luſt, and deſyre,
And warldis vanitie,
Thy way to hellis fyre

Except God do me ſaue,
From hell and endleſſ paine,
My ſin will me deſſaue.
Quhilk I can not refraine
My only hope and traiſt
Help my fragiliti
My ſinnis to deteſt
Reſiſtand conſtandlie

O Caſt me not away
For my greit ſinne O Lord,
I grant my vices all
Blaſphlemit hes thy word,
God for thy greit mercie,
And Chriſtis woundis wyde
Ane ſteidfaſt faith grant me
Allone to be my gyde,

Chriſt Goddis Sone alone
Victour of deid and hell
Thow tuke my nature on.
My ſinnis to expell.
And gaif thy ſelf to plaige,
Me Catiue to conuoy

To

Sore I complaine
To my richt heritage
From paine to heuinly Joy.

Thy ſeruand Lord defend.
Quhom thow hes bocht ſo deir,
Trew preichouris to me ſend
Thy word to ſchaw me cleir
Lat me my lyfe amend,
And thairin perſeueir,
Grant me ane blyſſit end
Quhen I ſall part from heir

O Lord God haly Spreit
Full of benignitie
Trew Chriſtis promeis ſweit
Teich me the veritie.
Expell my Ignorance,
My ſinnis mortifye
Grant me perſeuerance,
Vnto the end trewlie.

FINIS

¶ Followis ane ſang of our corrupt nature and the only remeid thairof.

VE wratchit ſinneris pure
Our ſin hes vs forlorne.
Thairin all creature conſauit is & borne
Sin hes wrocht vs ſic paine
That we without remeid.

We wratchit ſinners
Condamnit ar and ſlaine to hell the deuill & deid
Lord haue mercie on vs Chriſt haue mercy &c.

Our warkis can not be,
As dois the Law requyre
Nor zit can ſatiſfie. our Fatheris wrath & Ire
No deid can mak vs fre.
From our greit ſinfulnes.
Bot Goddis Sone muſt die, for our vnrichteouſnes
Lord haue mercy. Chriſt haif &c.

Or had not Chriſt bene ſend,
Cled in our vylde nature.
Fra hell vs to defend
Our deidlie wound to cure.
And willinglie to die,
Fra ſin to mak vs clene
We had Eternally
In hell condampnit bene.
Lord haif mercy. Chriſt haue mercie. Lord &c.

Man now hes thy peace
Sik lufe God ſchawiſt the,
He takis the in his grace,
His mortall enemie.
Throw Faith in Chriſt ſo kynde,
Quhilk frelie gaue him ſelf.
On croce for to be pynd,
To ſaif vs from the hell.
Lord haif mercy. Chriſt haue mercie Lord. &c

Thir

This we ſould euer beleue.
And nocht deſpair for ſin
For hell can not vs greue,
The deid nor Deuill thairin.
We ar maid Iuſt and richt.
And fred from panes ſore
Throw Chriſt that Lord of micht
Bliſſit for euer more
Lord haif mercie, Chriſt haue mercy, Lord &c.

Thairfoir lat vs loue and prayſe
God the Father feruentlie,
We thank ane thouſand ſyſe
His Sonnis Maieſtie,
We pray the haly Gaiſt
Our ſin to mortifye
And nocht doſpair bot traiſt
Goddis word maiſt faithfully
Lord haif mercy. Chriſt haif mercie, Lord &c.

Ane ſang of the fleſche and the Spirit

ALl Chriſtin man take tent and lier
How Saull and body ar at wier
Vpon this eird baith lait and air
With cruell battell Identlie
And ane may nocht ane vther flie,
The fleſche
The fleſche ſaid. ſen I haif haill
In will in zouth with luſtis vaill
Or age with ſorrow me aſſaill

With ioy I will my tyme ouer dryue.
and will not with my luſtis ſtryue.

The Spreit

The Spreit ſaid thocht I charge the nocht
Dreid God and haue his law in thocht
Thow hecht quhen: thow to Font was brocht
Efter his law luſt to refraine
and nocht to wirk his word agane·

The fleſche.

The fleſche ſaid I am ſtark and wycht,
To wacht gud wyne. freſche cauld and bricht,
and tak my pleſour day and nycht,
With ſinging playing and to dance
And ſet on ſax and ſeuin the chance,

The Spirit

The Sprit ſaid think on the riche man.
Quhilk all tyme in his luſtis ran.
Body and Saull he loiſſit than
And ſyne was buryit into hell.
As Ieſus Chriſt hes ſaid him ſelf,

The fleſche

The fleſche ſaid quhat rak I of this
Laſer ynewch and tyme thair is.
In age for till amend my miſſe
and from my vicious lyfe conuert
Quhen ſadnes hes ouer ſet my hart.

The Spreit

The Spirit ſaid, power thow hes none.
In zouth nor zit in eild bygone.
With twinkling of ane eye anone·

God ſall the tak at euin or morne
No certane tyme ſet the beforne

The fleſche

The fleſche ſaid all tyme air and lait.
I ſe all warldly wyſe eſtait.
Hald luſt vertew in thair conſait
with thame I will perſew my weird,
als lang as I leue on this eird,

The Spirit,

The Sprit zit ſall cum the day
The ſaull ſall part the body fray.
Than quhat ſall help thy game or play
Quhen thow man turnit be in as
As firſt in eird quhen thow maide was

The fleſche

The fleſche ſaid, thow hes vincuſt me.
I traiſt eternall gloir to ſe
Chriſt grant that I may cum thairby,
Now will I to my God returne.
Repent my ſin richt ſore I murne

The Spirit.

The Spirit nane to ſchame I dryue
Ane contreit hert help God alyue.
The fleſche man die, with pane and ſtryue
For it was borne to that intent
In eird with wormes for to be rent.

The fleſche

The fleſche ſaid, O Lord God of peace,
Help me to turne throw Chriſtis grace,
O holy Goſt my Faith increſſe

That I may thole this eirthlie noy,
My hope is in Eternall ioy

The Spirit

The Spirit ſaid. now I haif my mycht
Thoch I be ane vnworthie Knycht.
Thow God the quhilk is onlie richt
Thow ſaif me from the Deuillis net.
Thairfoir thow on the Croce was plet

The Dyter.

Now hes this ballat heir ane end,
God grant ilk man his hart ſa kend,
To ſin na more ſyne to Chriſt wend
Than ſall he turne agane to vs
And giue vs his Eternall blys

FINIS.

Ane ſang of the Croce and the frute thairof

Cum heir ſayis Goddis Sone to me
Sinners that heuie ladin be·
I will zour ſillie Saull refreſche
Cum zoung and auld, baith man and wyfe
I will zow gif Eternall lyfe,
Thocht troublit heir ſore be zour fleſche

My Zok is ſweit my burding ſmall
Quha drawis efter me thay ſall
Eſchaip Eternall deid and fyre
For I ſall help them in thair draucht.
That thay ſall cum as I haue taucht
To gloir and ioy and heuin impyre,

Cum heir ſayis Goddis ſone to me
Quhat I haif teichit lait and air
Quhat I haif tholit les and mair,
That preis zow euer to fulfill
And thocht zour fleſche be heir oppreſt
Zit all thing wirk ſall for the beſt.
For ſa is richt and Goddis will,

The warld wald ſauit be and faine.
And cum to gloir but Croce or paine
Quhilk Chriſtis flock muſt ſuffer heir
But paine thair is na vther way
To cum to gloir and put away,
Eternall hellis paine but peir

That the Faithfull muſt the Croce indure
Witnes beiris all Creature
Subdew it vnto vanitie
Quha will not thole,in Chriſtis Name
The Deuill ſall wirk him ſik ane ſchame,
with peirles pains perpetuallie

To day ane man is freſche and fair
To morne he lyis ſeik and ſair
Syne dulefullie dornet to deid
Euin lyke as in the feild ane floure,
The day is ſweit the morne is ſour.
Sa all this wretchit warld ſall feade,

The godles dreidis ſair to die
Bot quhen he can no farther flie

And faine his ſinfull lyfe wald mend
Thay grip ſa faſt his geir to get
The ſillie ſaull is quyte forzet
Quhill haiſtelie gais out his end.

Quhen he perſauis na remeid
Than greuouſly he gais to deid
And grugeand geuis vp the Gaiſt.
Sair I ſuſpect. God accuſe,
His Sectouris and him ſelf refuſe,
Than ſa vnthankfullie deceiſt.

The riche man helpis not his gude,
The nobill nocht his Royall blude.
For thay ſall baith thair querrell tyne
Thocht ane had all this warld ſo wyde,
Zit he ſall die with dule and pyne,
With gold and precious ſtones of pryde

Knawledge concernis not the Clerk,
Nor Hypocreit his haly wark
Bot thay but dout with deid man dwell
Quha will not haill to Chriſt him giue
Quhill in this preſent lyfe he liue.
For euer mair ſall die in hell.

Mark weill thairfoir my Sonnis ſweit.
How Chriſtis croce is for zow meit.
O moue zow not, in mynde thairfoir,
Bot at his word ſtand ſteidfaſtlie

Cum heir ſayis Goddis ſone to me
And with him ſuffer pacientlie,
Giue ze wald enter in his gloir.

Do gude for euill and leid zour lyfe,
without repruſe. but pryde or ſtryue
And thole the warldis wraith to rage
O enter be that narrow rode.
Gif gloir and vengence vnto God
And he thair cruell Ire ſall ſwage,

Quhen that zour fleſche hes all the will
And may zour luſtis all fulfill.
Ze ar but dout the Feindis pray.
God ſendis zow the Croce thairfoir,
To mortifie zour fleſche thairfoir
To ſaif zour ſillie ſaull for ay,

And quhen this ſchort pyne do zou greif
Than think on hell. the lang miſcheif
Quhair mony ane for ay ſall murne
And ſaull and body ſall remaine
For euer mair with cruell pains
Endles, for ay without returne

Bot he ſall efter warldlie pyne
Reioyce with Chriſt withoutin ſyne,
Quhair na myndis memorall
Can think nor toung can tell the tryne,
Nor haif the gloir quhilk ſall propyne
That michtie Lord vnto vs all

For quhat Eternall God of peace
Hes promeiſt throw his Spirit of grace
And ſyne ſworne be his haly Name
That he ſall hauld baith trew and ſume.
God grant that we may ſe his Throne
Throw Faith in Jeſus Criſt. Amen

FINIS

☞ Followis ane Conſolatioun in aduerſitie of the Scripture

BLiſſit is he quhome God dois correct
Thairfoir his ſcurge ſe thou not neglect
For he it is quhilk geuis wan and wound.
And ſuddanlie he will mak haill and ſound
He will the ſtryke with his maiſt fatherlie wād.
Syne the releif with his maiſt mercyfull hand.
God will the ſlay and gif the lyfe anone
And the returne thocht thou to graue war gone
God will the ſone bring vnto pouertie
Syne gif the grit riches aboundantlie
He will the ſet into ane law degre
Syne the exalt that euery man may ſe
Quhome God reſſauis to his ſone and air
Him will he ſcurge with plagues ſad and ſair
Thairfoir vnder the Croce thow perſeueir.
Than as a Father ſall God to the appeir
Quha is ane Sone and will not pacientlie
His Father thole, with all humilitie
He ſchawis him as he war baſtard borne,
And heritage fra him wer all forlorne

And ſen we our fleſchelie Father dreid
For eirdlie thing our body for to feid
How mekill mair our Father Spirituall,
Suld we obey to lufe perpetuall
All Croce appeiris preſentlie diſtres
Woyde of all ioy bot full of painefulnes
Bot efterwart it ſall gif peace and reſt,
Thocht for a tyme with paine we be oppreſt.
The paine that is now preſent ſchort and licht,
And leſtis bot a moment in our ſicht
Aboue meſure ſall wirk Eternall gloir
Intill our ſaull behalding not thairfoir
The preſent paine quhilk is befoir our eine
Bot luke on that quhilk now may not be ſene
All ioy eſteme my brether ane and all
Quhen into dyuers trublis ze do fall,
And knawis that of zour faith it is a preif
To wirk in zow pacience for zour releif
As of the Croce ze ar cumpanzeoun
So ſall ze be of conſolatioun
Faithfull is God and on zow hes pietie
And will not thole zow temptit for to be
Aboue zour ſtrenth bot will quhen ze liſt wein
Gif zow ſik grace. that ze ſall weill ſuſtein.
Iuſt mennis lyfe is in to the Lordis hand
Torment of deid may not them hald in band
Thocht befoir men thay thole aduerſitie
Thair hope is full of Immortalitie,
God knawis innocentis temptation.
To ſaif thame from thair grit vexatioun

Bliſſit is he:
And ſall reſſaue agane the letter day
The wickit for to byrne in hell for ay

FINIS

Followis the Forlorne Sone as it is writtin in the 15 Cap of Sainct Luc.

SInnaris vnto my ſang aduert,
Quhilk Chriſt into his Vangel kend
And frome zour ſinfull lyfe conuert
Quhairwith ze do zour God offend
For Chriſt in his ſweit parrable
To ſaif vs is full plyabill
Gif we repent and to him wend.

Ane certaine man of riche ſubſtance
Had Sonnis twa till him full deir
And ſone with ſchort delyuerance
The zungeſt ſpake in this maner
Father gif me my part of geir
Quhilk me belangis les and mair
I will na mair be thirlit heir

The Father did his gude deuyde
Betwix them bot the zungeſt Sone
wald na mair with his Father byde.
Bot tuke his part and furth is gone
Intill ane ſtrange and far cuntrie
And leuand thair richt ryatouſlie

He waiſtit all his geir anone

Quhen all was gone thair rais fra hand
Ane derth quhilk maid the vittell ſcant.
Baith far and neir throw all the land,
And he throw neid begouth to want
Than to ane Citinar he zeid,
Quhilk ſend him furth his ſwyne to feid
For fault of fude he was full faint

He wald haue eitin with the ſwyne
His hungrie ſtommok to fulfill
Bot thocht he ſuld for hunger tyne
Zit nane wald gif him leif thairtill.
Quhen he come to him ſelf agane,
This him allone he culd complaine
Intill his mynde with murning ſtill.

How mony ſeruandis for thair waige
Hes fude into my Fatheris hous
And I for hunger die and rage
Bot my Father is gracious
Thairfoir to him I will me dreſſe
And ſchaw my ſin and my diſtres
And ſay with voice full peteous

O Father I haue bene to bauld
Sinnand contrair the heuin and the.
And not worthie that men me hauld.
Na mair thy Sone in ony degre.

As one of thy ſeruandis thow me mak
With that he did his Jorny tak
Hame to his Father haiſtely,

And quhen he come bot ʒit a far
His Father had compaſſioun,
And ran him till or he was war
And gaif him conſolatioun
and in his armes he did him fang
and euer he kiſſit him amang
With freindlie Salutatioun.

The Sone ſaid Father of grit mycht,
I knawe that I haue ſinnit ſore
Contrair the heuin and in thy ſicht,
and I am worthie now no moir
That ony me thy Sone ſuld call
Bot his Father full liberall
Callit his ſeruandis him befoir,

and kyndlie to them can he ſay
Ʒe bring me furth the beſt cleithing
and cleith my Sone courtlie and gay,
and on his finger ʒe put ane ring,
Ʒe ſet on ſchone vpon his feit,
The quhilk ar trim and wonder meit,
That he be honeſt in all thing

and ſlay that Calf quhilk now is maid
Sa fat and lat vs mak gude cheir,

Sinnaris vnto my ſang
For this my Sone the quhilk now was deid
agane on lyfe is haill and feir
My Sone was loſt and now is found
and they within alytill ſtound
Began to mirrie be but weir

The eldeſt to the feild was gone
and quhen that he hame command was
and hard the menſtrallie anone
The danſing and the grit blythnes
ane of his ſeruandis he did call
and ſaid to him quhat menis all
This glaidnes and this merynes

Than anſweret he and ſaid him till
Thy brother is cum home agane
Thairfoir his Father his gart kill.
His weill fed Calf and is full faine
That ſaif reſſauit him hes he,
The eldeſt wraith was and angrie
And zeid not in throw greit diſdaine

And than come furth his Father kynde
And prayit him rycht hartfullie,
Bot he anſwerit richt pround in mynd
O Father myne how lang haue I
Thy trew and faithfull ſeruand bene.
And neuer zit brak thy biddene
Bot the obeyit faithfullie

Sinneris into my ſang
Yit gaif thow not of thy riches
Sa mekill as ane ſmall kidde to me.
That I micht mak ſum merynes,
And with my lufaris blyth to be
Bot now becaus is cum agane
Thy Sone quhilk waiſtit hes in vaine
Thy gudis into harlatrie.

That calf quhilk foſterit was ſa fair,
Thow hes gart kill at his pleſour
His Father ſaid my Sone and air
Of all my riches and treſour
Quhat euer I haue all that is thyne
And thow art euer with me and myne
And all is haill into thy cure.

Thairfoir to vs it was full meit
For to reioyis and blyth to be
Withall our hert and all our Spreit
Thy brother ſaif and and ſound to ſe
For he wos loſt and now is win.
And he was deid from all his kin
And now alyue agane is he

Our God and Father is full kynde,
To ſinnaris that ar penitent
With all thair hert and all thair mynd
Schawand warkis that they repent
And giue in Chriſtis blude they traiſt
Than ſall he neuer ſchame deteſt

Bot

Faithfull in Chriſt
Bot ſaif them that that they be not ſchent

FINIS

¶ Followis ane ſang of the rich
Glouttoun and pure Lazarus
as it is writtin in the 15 Cap.
of Sanct Luck

Faithfull in Chriſt vſe zour riches richt
Not to zour luſt and ſenſualitie
Bot all tyme help the pure with al zour
For in the frute ſall knawin be the tre (micht
And gude and euill ſall baith rewardit be
wit heuinlie gloir and hell ſa terrebill
To that effect ſpak Chriſt this parrabill

Ane certane mane was riche and coſtlie cled.
Wit purpour ſilk hecht and preſumptious.
And euerie day deliciouſlie him fed
Thair was alſua a pure hecht Lazarus
Lay ſeik at the zet of this gllottounis hous.
Throw ſaris ſmart he had ane peirles pyne.
And wantit fude quhen he walld faineſt dyne.

To ſatiſfie his ſeiklie appetyte
He wold haue eittin of the crummis ſmall
Quhilk fell doun fra his burde of grit delyte,
Bot nane to gif him was ſa liberall
The Doggis did thair office naturall,
And of thay did this Catiue man refreſche.
Lickand the fylth furth of his laidlie fleſche.

It chancit ſa this begger did deceaſe
Syne caryit was be angellis gratious
In Abrahamis boſome in heuinlie reſt & peace
And this riche man that was ſa ryatous
Deceiſſit als ſyne buryit glorious
In hellis paine he liftit vp his eine.
and ſyne efter of abrahame hes he ſens

Quhen Lazarus he ſaw with him alſo.
In his boſome he ſaid with drierie Spreit.
Father abrahame haue mercie on my wo,
Send Lazarus his finger for to weit,
and cule my toung with cauld watter and ſweit
For I am torment ſair into this flame,
Than anſwerit him our Father abrahame.

Remember Sone that thou reſſauit hes
Into thy lyfe thy pleſour in all thing
and contrariwyſe Lazarus had diſtres
Bot now he is in ioy and conforting
And thow art now in wo and tormenting
and als betuix vs thair is ſa grit a ſpace,
That nane may cum to vther be na cace

and than he ſaid o Father I the pray,
Vnto my Fatheris hous thow wald him ſend.
That he my fyue brether aduerteis may
Leiſt they into this cairfull place diſcend
Bot abrahame ſaid let them repent and mend.
and als thay haue the Prophetis & Moſes law

Lat thā heir thame git thay þ way wald knaw

Bot he ſaid na my Father abrahame kynde
Gif ony to the quick zeid from the deid
Trewlie thay ſuld repent with hert and mynde
Bot nocht the les Abraham this anſwer maid,
Gif they heir not the Law quhilk ſuld them leid.
Than ſall thay nocht in ony wayis beleif
Thocht ane frome deid ſuld ryſe them to releif

Vnto the pure thairfoir be pietifull
Quhill ze ar heir ſchaw them zour Cheritie
Till freind and fa be all tyme mercyfull
As ze forgiue ze ſall forgeuin be
Mortifie luſt and ſenſuallitie
Conforme zow not to warldlie pompe and pryde,
Dreid God lufe man refraine luſt at all tyde

FINIS

¶ Followis the principall poinctis of
the Paſſioun ſchortlie correctit

HElp God the former of all thing
That to thy gloir may be my dyte
Be baith at end and beginning
That I may mak ane ſang perfyte
Of Jeſus Chriſtes Paſſioun
Sinnaris only Saluatioun:
As witnes is thy word in wryte

Thy word for euer ſall remaine

As in his buke wrytis Eſay.
Baith heuin and eird ſall turne agane
Or thy trew word cum to decay
Thow can not lyke ane man repent
To change thy purpos or Intent
Bot ſtedfaſt is thy word for ay

Jeſus the Fatheris word alone,
Diſcendit in ane Virgin pure,
With meruellis grit and mony one
And be Judas that fals tratour
That Lamb for ſober ſumme was ſauld
And gaif his lyfe for caus he wald
Redeme all ſinfull Creature

Quhen eitin was the Paſchall Lamb
Chriſt tuke the breid his handis within
Blyſſing it. brak it gaif the ſame
Till his Apoſtlis mair and min
Eit that for my body is this
Quhilk for zour ſakis geuin is
Intill remiſſioun of zour ſin

Siclyke he gaif theme for to drink
In wyn his blude, the quhilk wos ſched
Vpon his precious deid to think
On him remẽberance to be maid,
Quha eitis this blyſſit Sacrament
Worthelie with trew Intent
Sall neuer ſe Eternall deid

For caus thay knew him to depart
Thay ſtrif quha ſuld be ouereſt
Bot Jeſus ſaid with humbill hert
Princes ar repute Nobileſt
The quhilk rewles maiſt awfully
Na amang zow it ſall not be
Bot qnha is maiſt, ſall ſerue the leſt

Ieſus wuſche his Apoſtlis feit
Schawand exempil of lawlynes
And chargit them with wordis ſweit
That lufe amang them ſuld incres
For thairby it ſuld cum to licht,
That ze ar my Diſciplis richt
Gif ze amang zow lufe poſſes

Efter this prayer paſſit he
And met the Jewis quhilk him ſocht
Quhen thay had bound him cruellie,
Befoir the Iudges thay him brocht
Firſt thay him ſcurgit and for ſcorne
Him Crownit with ane Crowne of thorne
Syne dampnit him to deid for nocht,

That prince on Croce thay liftit on hicht
For our Redemptioun that thoct ſa lang,
He ſaid I thriſt with all my mycht
To ſaif mankynde fra panis ſtrang
He that all warldis was beforne
Come doun of Marie to be borne

For our treſpas on Croce he hang.

Than he his heid culd inclyne
As wryttis Iohne and gaif the Gaiſt.
And of the Croce tane was ſyne
And laid in graue bot ſone in haiſt
Leuend he rais on the thrid day.
And to his Apoſtills did ſay
To thaime appeirand maiſt and leiſt

And ſyne he did his apoſtillis teiche
Throw all the warlde for to pas
And till all Creature for to preiche.
As they of him Inſtructit was
Quha Baptiſt is and will beleue,
Eternall deid ſall not them greue
Bot ſalue ſauit mair and les

Sanct Luke writtin in his aſſention.
Thocht preſent ay with vs he be
As Scrpture makis mentioun.
That is to ſay with vs is he
Be his ſweit word ſteidfaſt but faill
Contrair the quhilk can not preuaill.
Sathan nor hellis Tyranie

Ane Confortour to vs he did ſend.
Quhilk from the Father did proceid.
Te gyde vs trewlie to the end.
In inwart thocht and outwart deid,

Help God
Call on the Lord our gyde and licht
To leid vs in his Law full richt
And be our help in all our neid

Pray for all men in generall
Suppoſe they wirk vs richt or wrang
Pray for our Prince in ſpeciall
Thoch they be Iuſt or Tyranni ſtrang
Obey, for ſa it aucht to be
In preſoun for the veritie
Ane faithfull brother maid this ſang.

FINIS

Ane ſang of the Euangell contenand the effect of the ſamin.

BE blyth all Chriſtin men and ſing
Dance and mak myrth with all zour micht
Chriſt hes vs brocht grit conforting
Quhairfoir we may reioyis of richt.
Ane wark to wonder that is wrocht.
Chriſt with his blude full deir vs bocht
And for our ſaik to deid was dycht.

For with the Deuill and dulefull deid
With hell and ſin I was forlorne
The Sone of Ire at Goddis feid,
Conſauit ſa I was and borne.
I grew ay mair and mair thairin
And daylie eikit ſin to ſin.
Diſpair was euer me beforne

Quhair I culd not the Law fulfill
My warkis maid me na ſupple
Sa blynd and waik was my fre will
That hatit the veritie
My conſcience keſt me euer in cair
The Deuill he draue me euer in diſpair
And hell was euer befoir my eye

God had grit pietie on my wo
And aboue meſure ſchew me grace.
Quhen I was zit his cruell fo
Zit he wald cure my cairfull cace
His lufe to me he did conuert
From the maiſt deipeſt of his hart
Quhilk coſt him deir to mak my peace.

To his beluiffit Sone he ſaid.
The tyme of mercy drawis neir
To ſaif man and the Deuill inuaid,
Thairfoir my hertlie Sone ſo deir
Ga fetch thame from the Feindis ſeid.
Show man ouerthraw ſin hell, and deid
Syne man reſtoir baith haill and feir,

The Sone his Father did obey
And came doune on the eirth to me,
Borne of ane maid as wrytis Eſay.
My kynde ſweit brother for to be.
He tuke on him my vyld nature
And did his power foir to exile

Be blyith
Sathan and all his ſubtillitie

He ſaid thow ſall haue victorie
Gif thow allone on me depend
For I will giue my ſelf to the
Thy cairfull querrell to defend
For I am thyne, and myne thow art
And of my gloir thow ſall haue part
Syne ring with me withoutin end.

They man ſched out my blyſſit blude,
And raif alſwa my lyfe fra me,
I thole this only for thy gude,
Beleue that firme and ſteidfaſtlie
For my deid ſall thy deid deuoir
That ſin ſall the condampne no moir.
For be that way, ſaif thow man be,

Syne fra this preſent lyfe I fair
To my Father Celeſtiall
Thy Mediatour trew ſall be thair
And ſend to the my Spirit I ſall
To giue the conſolatioun
In all thy tribulatioun.
The treuth he ſall Inſtruct zow all.

My doing leirning mair and les
That leir and do vnfeinzeitlie.
For that dois Goddis Kirk Incres.
And his greit gloir dois Magnifie

Be war of men and thair command.
Quhilk me and my word do ganſtand,
My laſt will heir I leue to the

Finis

¶ Followis ane ſaing of the birth of Chriſt with
the tune of Bàw lulalaw

I Come from heuin to tell.
The beſt nowellis that euer be fell.
To zow thir tythingis trew I bring
And I will of theme ſay and ſing

This day to zow is borne ane Chylde
Of Marie meik and Virgine mylde
That bliſſit barne bining and kynde
Sall zow reioyis baith hart and mynd

It is the Lord Chriſt God and man
He will do for zow quhat he can
Him ſelfe zour Sauiour will be
Fra ſin and hell to mak zow fre

He is zour rycht Saluatioun
From euerlaſting Dampnatioun
That ze may ring in gloir and blis
For euer mair in heuin with his,

Ze ſall him find but mark or wying.
Full ſempill in ane Cribe lying
Sa ly is he quhilk zow hes wrocht.

And

I come from heuin to tell
And all this warld maid of nocht

Lat vs reioyis and be blyith.
And with the Hyrdis go full ſwyith
And ſe quhat God of his grace hes done,
Throw Chriſt to bring vs to his throne

My Saull and lyfe ſtand vp and ſe,
Quha lyis in ane Cribe of tre
Quhat Babe is that ſa gude and fair,
It is Chriſt Goddis Sone and air,

Welcum now gratious God of mycht
To ſinnaris vyle pure and vnricht
Thow come to ſaue vs frome diſtres
How can we thank thy gentilnes

O God that maid all Creature
How art thow becum ſa pure
That on the hay and ſtray will ly
Amang the aſſis Oxin and ky

And war the warld ten tymes ſo wyde
Cled ouer with gold and ſtanis of pryde,
Vnworthy zit it war to the
Under thy feit ane ſtule to be

The Sylk and ſandell the to eis
Ar hay and ſempill ſweilling clais
Quhairin thow gloris greiteſt King

As thow in heuin war in thy Ring

Thow tuke ſik panes temporall
To mak me riche perpetuall
For all this warldis welth and gude,
Can nothing rycht thy Celſitude

O my deir hert zoung Jeſus ſweit
Prepair thy Creddill in my Spreit
And I ſall rock the in my hert.
And neuer mair fra the depart.

Bot I ſall praiſe the euer moir
With ſangis ſweit vnto thy gloir
The kneis of my hert ſall I bow
And ſing that riche Balulalow

Gloir be to God Eternallie
Quhilk gaif his onlie Sone for me.
The angelis Joyis for to heir
The gratious gyft of this new zeir.
Finis

TO vs is borne a barne of blys
Our King and Empriour
Ane gratious Virgin Mother is,
To God hir Sauiour
Had not that bliſſit bairne bene borne
We had bene euerie ane forlorne
With ſin, and Feindis fell.

To vſ is borne

Chriſt Jeſus louing be to the
That thow ane man wold borne be.
To ſaif vs from the hell

For neuer was nor ſall be man
Nor woman in this lyfe
Sen adame firſt our ſin began
And Eue his weddit wyfe
That can be ſaif throw thair gude deid
For poyſound all ar Adamis ſeid
And can not ſin refraine,
Quhill God him ſelf fand the remeid.
and gaif his onlye Sone to the deid:
To freith vs from allpaine

We ſulde lufe God and mirrie be
And dryue away diſpair.
For Chriſt is cummit from heuin ſa hye
Our fall for to repair
No toung ſik kyndnes can expreſſe.
The forme of ſeruand takin hes.
and Verbum Caro factum eſt.
Except Sin, lyke vnto vs all
To freith vs frome the Feindis thraill
and mend quhair we did mis

Full weill is them for euer moir
That trowis faithfullye
Be grace to ring with Chriſt in glore.
Throw Faith alanerlie

Dis

And weſllis them that underſtude.
The gratious gyft of Chriſtis blude
Sched ſinnaris for to win
Wes never hard ſa kynde ane thing.
Chriſt for his fais on Croce did hing
To purge us from our ſin,

Thus thank we him full hertfullie
For his greit gentilnes
We pray him for his grit mercy
Trew preichouris to incres
Fals Phareſianes and feinzeit lair
Quhome we haue followit lait and air
Baith us and them forgeue
God Father Sone and haly Spreit
Inſtruct us in thy word ſa ſweit
And efter it to leue

Finis

IN dulce iubilo Now lat us ſing with mirth & Io. Our hartis conſolatioun lyis in principio. And ſchynis as the Sone, Matris in gremio Alpha s̄ & O, Alpha es & O O Ieſu per nule. I chriſt ſore efter the. Confort my hart and mynde O puer optime, God of alll grace ſa kynde. & princeps glorie, Trahe me poſt te, Trahe me poſt te ubi ſunt gaudia, In ony place bot thair: quhair that the angellis ſing. Noua cantica, Bot and the bellis ring. In regis Curia, God gif I war thair, God gif I war thair.

Onlie to God

ONlie to God on heich be gloir
And louing be vnto his grace:
Quha can condempne vs ony mois
Sen we ar now at Goddis peace.
Intill his fauour we ar tane
Throw Faith in Jeſus Chriſt allaine
Be quhome his wraith ſall end and ceis

We wirſchip and we loue and pryſe
Thy Mateſtie and magnitude
That thow God Father onlie wyſe
Ringis ouer all with fortitude
No toung can tell thy ſtrenth nor mycht
Thy wordis and thochtis all ar richt.
And all thy warkis Juſt and gude

Lord Jeſus Chriſt Sone onlie borne
Of thy Father Celeſtiall
Thow ſauit vs that was forlorne
Fra ſin, and hell and Sathanis thrall
Lord Goddis Lamb thow tuke on the
For all our ſin to ſatiſfie
Lord be merciefull to vs

O haly Gaiſt our confor gude
From Feindis feid thy flock defend
To thy keiping we thame commend
From errour and Hypocriſie
Strenth vs in the veretie
To perſeueir vnto the end

Finis.

Lord God thy face.

Followis of the griet louing and blythnes of Goddis word

Lord God thy face, and word of grace
Hes lang bene hid be craft of man
Quhill at the laſt the nicht is paſt
And we full weill thair falſet ken
We knaw perfyte the haly wryte
Thairfoir be gloir and praiſe to the.
Quhilk did vs giue this tyme to liue,
Thy word trew preichit for to ſe

Our bairnis now, weill knawis how
To wirſchip God with ſeruice trew.
Quhilk mony zeir, our Fatheris deir,
Allace thairfoir full ſore miſknew
Zit God did feid, his choſin indeid
As Noy and Lot and mony mo
And had reſpect to his Elect
How euer the blynd warld did go

Sen throw thy ſtrenth, thy word at lenth
Is preichit cleir befoir our eine,
Be zit gude Lord, miſericord
To them quhilk zit diſſauit bene
And not dois knaw, bot mennis law
To thair grit damnatioun
Teiche them fra hand, to underſtand
Thy word to thair Saluatioun

Quha wald be ſaif, firſt this man haiſt
To knaw thair ſin, ſyne trow in Chriſt:
Biȝ on this ground, let lufe abound,
With pacience, prayer, hope and traiſt,
On God thow call, thank him of all,
To ſerue thy Nychtbour giue thy cure:
Thy conſcience fre mon euer be,
This can giue the na creature.

Thow Lord aboue man giue allone,
Thir giftis for thy haly Name:
Quha will thair hart to Chriſt conuert,
Na man can do them ſkaith nor ſchame,
Thocht Paip or King wald ſa maling,
To mak the word of God forlorne:
Thair ſtrenth ſall faill and not preuaill,
Thocht thay the contrair all had ſworne.

Lord let thy hand help in all land,
That thy Elect conuertit be:
Thy word to leir quhilk now dar ſweir,
That thy word is bot hereſie.
Thay giue thy word ane fals record,
Quhilk nener hard the veritie:
Nor neuer it red bot blindlingis led,
with Doctouris of Idolatrie.

The tyme is now but dout I trow,
Quhilk Paule did prophecie in writ
Thocht heuin and eird ſuld ga areird

Thy word ſall ſtand faſt and perfyte
Thocht that maiſt part indure thair hert,
Setand thair ſtrenth thy word agane
Repent thay nocht, they ſalbe brocht,
Eternallie to hellis pane

Our Sauiour and Gouernour
Is Chriſt, quhais bludie woundis wyde
Remedit hes from all diſtres.
Sinnares that will on him confide.
To him be gloir for euer moir.
To vs Quhilk hes ane promeis maid,
Vs to conuoy from panis to ioy,
Baith in our lyfe and in our deid

We hope and treſt, the haly Gaiſt
Sall nocht forzet vs at our neid,
Sa we thy word with ane accord,
Hald in our hart our Saull to feid,
Lat vs not mis thy gloir and blis
Quhen fra this wratchit warld we wend
Grant vs thy grace to die in peace.
And perſeueir vnto the end?

Finis

☞ Followis Nunc dimittis: the prayer of Symeon, Luck ii Cap.

Lord lat thy ſeruand now depart,
In glaidnes reſt and peace,
I am reioyſit at my hert

To ſe his godly face
Quhome faithfullie thow promeiſt me
Chriſt Ieſus King of grace

This preſent deid ſall be full ſweit
And vnto ſleip ſall changit be
To reſt ſyne ryſe bot euer my ſpreit
Sall leue and be alwayſe with the
Throw Faith in Chriſt my onlie treiſt
Quhome preſentlie I ſe,

Our Sauiour thow hes him maid
His deid ſall ſaif vs all
Frome ſin and hell the Deuill and deid,
His reſurrectioun ſall,
Frelie vs geue euer for to leue
In gloir perpetuallie

Of Hethin folk blindit ſo ſore
He is the verrey licht
Quhilk neuer hard of him befoir,
Nor ſaw him with thair ſicht
He is the gloir praiſe and decoir,
And ſtrenth of Iſraell richt

Finis

¶ Followis ane ſang of the reſurrectioun

CHriſt gaue him ſelf to die
And for our fault the mendis maid
For vs he ſched his precious blude.

with

Chriſt Ieſus gaif him ſelf to die
With grit triumph vpon the rude
and ſin and Sathan thair hes ſlaine
and ſauit vs fra fra hellis paine

For he agane fra deid vp rais
Victour of deid and all our fais
He raif the Obligatioun
Contrair to our Saluatioun.
Syne ſpulzeit Sathan hell aud Sin
and heuinlie gloir to vs hes win,

and we ar now at Goddis peace,
Throw Chroſt reſſauit to his grace
Our Father mercyfull he is
and we ſall Ring with him in blis,
allalua allalua. benedicamus Domino

Finis

Followis certane Ballatis of the Scripture

Till Chriſt quhome I am haldin for to lufe,
I gif my thirlit hert in gouernance.
How ſuld I lufe and fra his treuth remufe
Full wo war me that drerie difference
Is na remeid ſaif onlie eſperance
For weill for wo for boiſt or zit for ſchoir
Quhair I am ſet I ſall lufe euer moir

And ſen I moiſt de part on neid I ſall
Be till him trew with hert and that I hecht,

Till Chriſt quhome

And ſend that I becummin am his thrall
With body him ſerue with mynd & all mycht
He is the ruit of my rememberance richt,
The verray crop quhome of I coufort tak
Quhy ſuld I not do ſeruice for hes ſaik

Quhome ſuld I ſerue bot him that did me ſaue
Quhome ſuld I dout bot him that dantis deid
Quhome ſuld I lufe bot him attour the laif
Of all my wo he is the haill remeid
How ſuld I fle and can not find na feid
Quhome ſuld I lufe bot him that hes my hert,
How ſuld we twin that no man can depart.

This vnbeſet I am on euerie ſyde
And quhat to do I can not weill deuyſe
My fleſche biddis fle my ſpirit biddis me byd,
Quhen cair cummis than confort on me cryis,
Hope ſayis get vs than langour on me lyis,
My panis biddis my wofull hert repent
Bot neuer mair thairto will I conſent

Depart him fra my hert will neuer conſent.
It biddis me byde and I ſall neuer fle
For be I takin, ſlaine or ȝit ſchent
For ſic ane King it is na ſchame to die,
Gif thair be grace into this eird for me,
It is committit frome the heuin abufe.
Till Chriſt quhome I am haldin for to lufe

Finis Rycht

Richt ſorlie muſiug

Rycht ſorely muſing in my mynd
For pietie ſore my hertis pynde
Quhen I remember on Chriſt ſo
That ſauit me
Nane culd me ſaue frome thyne to Ynde
Bot onlie he
He is the way trothe, lyfe and licht.
The verrey port till heuin full richt
Quha enteris not be his grit micht
Ane theif is he
I grant that I haue faultit ſore
To ſtock and ſtane geuand his gloir.
And helpand warkis into ſtoir
For my remeid
War nor his mercie is the moir
I had bene deid
Thow lytill bill thy wayis thow wend
And ſchaw my mynde from end to end
Till them that will repent and mend,
Thow ſchaw them till
Beleue in Chriſt quhome God hes ſen
And wirk his will

Finis

Rycht ſoir oppreſt I am with panis ſmart
baith nicht & day makand my vofull mon
To God for my miſdeid quhilk hes my her
Put in ſa greit diſtres with wo begone

Bot gif he ſend me ſum remeid anone
I liſt not lang my lyf for till indure
Bot to the deid boun cairfull creature

I can not do my detfull obſeruance,
Till him that heuin and all the warld ſuld dreſs
Auld adame is the caus of this miſchance
And turnis oft my Faith in wickit deid.
War not the deith of Criſt war my remeid
I liſt not on my lyfe for till tak cure
Bot to the deid bowne cairfull Creature.

O God of gloir quhais mycht is infinite
Grant me thy grace quhome ſin haldis in thrall
To fecht aganis my fleſche quhilk hes the wyte,
Of all my wo and my appeirand fall?
Thow gaif command in neid on the to call
And for thy Sonnis ſaik I ſuld be ſure.
That thow ſuld ſaif all ſinfull Creature

Remember Lord my grit fragilitie,
Remember Lord thy Sonis Paſſioun.
For I am borne withall iniquitie
And can not help my awin Saluatioun.
Thairfoir is my iuſtificatioun,
Be Chriſt quhilk cled him with my nature,
To ſaif from ſchame all ſinfull creature

O Lord ſen thow thy word to me hes ſend
Thow lat it neuer returne to the in vaine,

Bot lat me perſeueir vnto the end.
To my aulde ſin, lat me not turne agane
For then bene far better into plaine
Not to haif hard thy precept in Scripture
Than knawand it, die cairfull creature,

FINIS

ALlace that ſame ſweit face
That deit vpon ane tre
To purches mankynde peace
Frome ſin to mak vs fre
allone to be our remedie
To graith our place full meit.
He is aſcendit hie
And left with vs his Sperit
To worſchip Spirituallie
Onlie to be our remedie.
He bad quhen he was gone,
Apply vs haillelie,
To ſerue our God allone
In Spirit and veritie,
Allone to be our remedie,
No kynde of outward deid
How hally that euer it be
May ſaif vs at our neid
Nor zit vs Juſtifie
Nor zit can mak vs remedie,
Bot Chriſt we neid nathing
Quhair throw ſauit we ſuld be.
He is ane potent King

Allace that ſame ſweit face
And will allanerlie
Onlie be our remedie
His teſtament maiſt perfyte
Plainelie dois teſtifie
Quhilk his apoſtillis did wryte
That nane may ſaif bot he
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
Bot now ſen he is gone
To ring Eternallie
We wirſchip ſtock and ſtone
Can nouther heir nor ſe
Nor zit can mak vs remedie
We haue dwelt all to lang,
In fals Hypocriſie
Trew Faith Lord mak vs fang
Wirkand be cheritie,
Onlie to be our remedie.

Finis,

I Call on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt
I haue nane vther help bot the
My hert is neuer ſet all at reſt
Till thy ſweit word comfort me.
Ane ſtedfaſt faith grant me thairfoir.
To hald be thy word euer moir.
abuſe all thing euer reſiſting,
Bot to incres in faith moir and moir

Zit anis agane I call to the
Heir my requeiſt o mercifull Lord,
I wald faine hope in thy mercy

And can not be thairto reſtoird
Except thow illuminate with thy grace
My blind and naturall waiknes
Caus me thairfoir haue hope in ſtoir
In thy mercie and ſweit promeis

Lord prent into my hert and mynde
Thy haly Spreit with feruentnes:
That I to the be not vnkynde
Bot lufe the without fenzeitnes
Lat no thing draw my mynde from the
Bot euer to lufe the eirneſtly
Lat not my hert vnkyndlie depart
From the richt lufe of thy mercie

Gif me thy grace Lord,[I the pray
To lufe my enemeis hartfullie:
How beit thay trubill me alway
And for thy caus do ſclander me
Zit Jeſus Chriſt for thy gudnes
Fulfill my hert with forgeuenes
That will I leif I thame forgeif
That do offend me mair and les;

I am compaſſit round about
With ſore and ſtrang temptatioun
Thairfoir gude Lord delyuer me out
From all this wickit natioun
The Deuill the warld the fleſche alſo,
Dois follow me quhair euer I go

Thairfoir wald I delyuerit be.
Thy help I ſeik Lord and no mo

Now ſeis thow Lord quhat neid I haue
Thair is no vther to plenze to
Thairfoir thy haly Gaiſt I craiſ.
To be my gyde quhair euer I go
That in all my aduerſitie
I forzet not the lufe of the.
Bot as thow Lord hes geuin thy word
Lat me thairin baith leue and die

Finis

Of mercy zit he paſſis all
In quhome I traiſt and euer ſall
For to nane vther will I call
To die thairfoir to die thairfoir

For thair is no vther Saluatioun
Bot be that Lord that ſufferit Paſſioun
Vpon our Saullis he hes compaſſioun
And deit thairfoir and deit thairfoir

That Lord ſa far had vs in mynde
He come frome heuin and tuke mankynde
He hailit the ſeik ſair lamit and blynd.
And deit thairfoir and deit thairfoir.

To pray to Peter, James, or Johne
Our Saullis to ſaif power haue thay none

Of mercie zit he paſſis all
For that belangis to Chriſt alone
He deit thairfoir he deit thairfoir

I traiſt to God of ſuretie
Be Chriſtis blude ſauit to be
In quhilk I hope ſa faithfullie
To die thairfoir to die thairfoir

Thair is no deid that can ſaue me,
Thocht thay be neuer ſa greit plentie
Bot throw Chriſt and his grit mercie,
Quhilk deit thairfoir quhilk deit thairfoir

Gif deidis mycht ſaue our Saulis frome pane.
Than Chriſtis blude was ſched in vaine
As ze man reid in Scripture plaine,
To die thairfoir to die thairfoir

Zit ſum hes hope ſauit to be
For doing diedis of cheritie
Faith can not ſaif quhair no deidis be
Thay lie thairfoir, thay lie thairfoir

The theif was ſauit be Faith trewlie.
And not for deidis of Cheritie
As wryttis Luk, twentie and thre
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Fyre without heit can not be,
Faith will haif warkis of ſuritie

Of mercie zit paſſis all
Als faſt as may conuenientlie
Be done but moir,

Now Lord that deit vpon ane trie
And ſched thy blude ſa plenteouſlie
Reſſaif our Saullis to thy gloir
We aſk no moir, we ask no moir

Finis

VE ſuld into remembrance
Of Ieſus Chriſt our King.
Without ony diſſemmilance
Be blyith and mirrie ſing.

We war condampnit to the deid
In hell for Adamis mis.
Bot Ieſus Chriſt the peace hes maid,
Betuix God and vs.

Chriſt is our God and Sauiour.
Our help and our refuge
Our brother and our mediatour
Our aduocate and iudge

Sen on our ſyde is God him ſell
Quha dar aganes him pleid.
For he hes vincuſt Sin and hell
The Deuill and alſo deid

This greit gudnes that Chriſt hes done
God lat vs neuer forzet it

We ſuld in to remembrance
Bot thank and loue that Lord aboue
With ſangis ſweitlie ſet.

Finis

Hay lat vs ſing and mak grit myrth
Sen Chriſt this day to vs is borne.
For had not bene that blyſſit byrth
Mankynde alwayis had bene forlorne

All men war borne in Sinfulnes
Condampnit to Eternall deid
Except Chriſt that in richteouſnes
Was onlie borne for our remeid

And he giue we beleue hes coſte
His innocens for vs our treiſpas
Had not bene Chriſt we had bene loiſt
O bliſſit birth that euer was,

Finis

In Burgh and land eiſt, weſt, north, ſouth:
We gloir for to ſpeik of Chriſt,
And his Euangell in our mouth,
Bot far fra him our hertis we wreiſt·

To Goddis Law quha will aduert,
Sall ſtedfaſt in his promeis treſt
And lufe our brethren with our hert
And fle from ſin, and vice detaſt

In burgh and land.
Lufe is fulfilling of the Law
As Paull reheirſeth in his writs
Of Chriſt for ſuith no thing we knaw
That hes na Faeth, and lufe perfyte

The Scripture plainelie dois accord,
Quha will not wirk his Fatheris will
Bot ſayis euerie day Lord, Lord,
Sall neuer cum in heuin him till.
Brether and Siſteris that will reſort.
Till Chriſt and with his Goſpell mell
Do as ze ſay I zow exhort.
And now na mair diſſaue zour ſell

Or God ſall take his word agane
Fra vs, ſyne willl it ſend
To them that will not wirk in vane
Bot perſeueir vnto the end.

Finis

Followis ane ſang contrar Idolatrie

VE ſuld beleue in God aboue
And in nane vther thing
Quha treſtis in him he will them lufe
And grant thame thair aſking

Contrair it is to Goddis command
To trow that help may cum.
Of Idolis maid be mennis hand.

We ſuld beleue in God
Quhilk ar baith deif and dum

Quha dois adorne Idolatrie
Is contrair the haly writ
For ſtock and ſtane is Mammontrie,
Quhilk men may carue or quhite,

The apoſtillis that wrait the veritie
Expreſlie dois conclude
That Idolis ſuld deteſtit be
Ar contrair to Chriſtis blude

Ze ſempill pepill vnperfyte
Greit Ignorance may ze tell.
Of ſtock and ſtane hes mair delyte
Than in to God him ſell.

Finis

¶ Ane ballat of the Epiſtill on Chriſtinmas euin,

THe grace of God appeiris now
Our heill and our Salutioun:
To teiche and inſtruct vs how
In all cuntrie and Natioun.

That we ſuld leue our wickitnes
And fle vaine warldlie appetyte:
Iuſt haly be with ſobernes
Leif in the warld a lyfe perfyte.

That bliſſit hope for to abyde

The

Of thingis twa I pray

The cumming of grit God of gloir.
And Jeſu Chriſtis woundis wyde
The Sauiour of les and moir

Quhilk for our ſaik he gaue him ſell
To ſaif from ſin and purge vs cleir
Ane choſin peopill in ſpeciall
In gude warkis to perſeueir,

To ſtudie in them nycht and day
This we ſuld ane exhort ane vther.
Of Goddis word to ſing and ſay
And euerie man to lufe his brother

Finis

OF thingis twa I pray the Lord,
Deny me not be for I die
all vanitie and leand word
Full far away thow put fra me

Extreime puirteith nor grit riches.
Thow gif me not in no kin wyſe
Bot onlie of thy grit gudnes
Giue me that may my neid ſuffice.

For be I riche I may perchance
Say quha is God and him miſknaw
And na thing bot my ſelf aduance
And him forzet and all his Law.

Or be I pure and haue no geir

Than man I outher reif or ſteill,
Or than my Goddis name menſweir
And ſet him at full lytill vaill.

Finis

LOrd Father God that gaif me lyfe
Thow leif me not to do my will
Bot grant thy grace to me Catiue,
Thy godly Law for to fulfill

The prydefull liking of myne eine
Lat not be rutit in my hart
All euill deſyre that in me bene
Full far fra me thow wald auert

The gredie ſtommokis appetyte
And all ſurfet thow take from me
And als I pray the mak me quyte
Of fleſchelis luſt and lychorie

Remuſe fra me all thrawardnes,
Als weill in mynde as into deid,
And take fra me vnſchamefaſtnes
And God and man to luſe and dreid

Finis

Blyſs bliſſit God thir giftis gude,
Quhilk thow hes geuin to be our fude
Ws blyſs and mak thankfullie indeid
Be Ieſus Chriſt that bliſſit ſeid,

The grace befoir Dennet

In quhome all bliſſing we reſſaue
Be quhome all blyſſing we aſk and craue
Grant blyſſing Lord of mychtis maiſt
God father Sone and haly Gaiſt

Finis

Bliſſing gloir wiſdome and hertlie thankfulnes,
And godlie honour all mycht and fortitude.
We offer the Lord with lawlie humbilnes
Comitting our ſelfis haill to thy celſitude
Asking foir Chriſt quhilk for vs gaue his blude.
Grace for to be in hart and mynde thankfull,
For all thy gude and fre gifts plentifull.

Finis

Now lat vs ſing with Joy and myrth
In honour of our Lordis byrth
For his lufe and humanitie
Quha gaif him ſelf for vs to die
Be adame we war all forlorne
Bot now Chriſt Jeſus to vs is borne
Hes fred vs fra Captiuitie
And vincuſt hes our Enemie

Quhen he wes borne nane did him ſnib,
To ly richt law intill ane Cribe.
Ane Oxe ane aſſe richt tenderlie
Refreſchit his humanitie

His Godheid miſteris no ſupport
For it was full of all comfort

Quhilk equall is in all degre
Unto his fatheris Maieſtie

The angellis ſang with merynes
Unto the Hyrdis mair and les
And bad them of gude confort be
For Chriſtis new Nateuitie

For ze war all at Goddis horne
This Babe to zow that now is borne
Sall mak zow ſaif and for zow die
And zow reſtoir to libertie

This Babe for zow did ſched his blude,
And tholit deid vpon the Rude
And for his grit humanitie,
Exhaltit is his Maieſtie.

And now he is our aduocate
Prayand for vs baith air and laſt
This can the Scripture verifie
In ſa far as ane man is he.

Thairfoir all tyme tyde and houre
Pas vnto him as Mediatour
B[illegible]uir the Fatheris wraith and the
Of ſin gif thow wald clengit be

For he hes promeiſt with his hart.
To all ſinneris that will reuert.

And fra thair ſinfull lyfe will fle
Sall Ring with him Eternallie.

To God the Father mot be gloir,
And als to Chriſt for euer moir
The haly Gaiſt mot bliſſit be
Wirkar of this Natiuitie
Finis

QUha can diſcryue or put in write.
The grce and mercie of our Lord.
qnhais godlie gitftis Infinite
Men ſuld remember and record.
Conforme vnto his haly word.

Our Father God Fountaine of gace.
His Sone did ſend to ranſoun vs,
Frome ſin and all our cairfull cace.
And frome the Deuill maiſt dangerous
And ſlew that that Serpent vennemus

Chriſt come richt ſweit as ane ſeruand
Of ſeruitude to mak vs fre,
And brokin hes the Deuillis band
Quhilk led vs in captiuitie
Quhairfoir we thank his grit mercie

Chriſt be and ryche in heninlie gloir
And we rycht pure and in diſtres
Did mak vs r iche for euer moir
Quh airfoir

Quhairfoir we thank his gentilnes,
Be reſſoun of his grit gudnes

Chriſt come full humbill and full law,
As to exalt in Maieſtie
And tholit panes as ze knaw
Of hunger cauld and miſerie
And we gat lyfe quhen he did die

Chriſt als diſcendit to the Hell
And vs redemit from that pane
And from the deith did rais him ſelf
No moir to thole the deid againe
As we may reid in Scripture plaine.

Chriſt maid vs iuſt quhen he vp rais,
Be reſſoun of his victorie
Quhairthrow he vincuſt all our fais
Sin, deid, and Deuill our Enemie
And from thair bandis maid vs fre

Chriſt paſſit to the heuinnis hie
To graith ane place for vs in gloir
Our aduocate thair foir to be
Heirfoir his grace lat vs imploir,
That we with him Ring euer moir.

Finis.

GIf ze haue riſſin from deid agane
With Chriſt our cheif and Souerane
Quhilk did the inwart man renew

Giue ze haue riſin
Gloir not in eirthlie thingis vaine
Bot in the Croce of Chriſt Ieſew

Seik thingis aboue that ar not ſene
Nor neuer ſall with carnall eine
Do diligence for to ſubdew
The fleſche the outwart man I meine
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt ꝛc.

Honour it with feruent deſyre
And I ſall ſwa zour Spreit inſpyre
By quhen temptatioun dois zow perſew
Of Lychorie ſall ſlockin the fyre
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt ꝛc,

Quhen auarice pryde or ony Sin
Into zour memberis dois begin
Than pray with feruent hert and trew
That ze may be of Iſackis kin,
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt ꝛc.

And delf with deip into zour land
As Iſack did quhill that he fand.
The water of lyfe, of heuinlie hew.
Quhilk is now fillit with eird and ſand.
And glorie in the Croce of Chriſt ꝛc.

Honour the Image of the Croce
Nocht cryand out with curious voice,
Bot in the Spreit as it is dew:

His gudnes that reſtorit the loſe.
And gloir in the Cꝛoce of Chꝛiſt Jeſew

His Image is his woꝛd compleit,
Perfoꝛmit be his haly Spꝛeit
Quhilk frome the Father ſpꝛang and grew.
Thair is na Image halſ ſo ſweit
As gloir in the Croce of Chꝛſt Jeſeu

Gif ze luſe Chꝛiſt hait not his woꝛd.
His leuing Image is na bourd,
Quha lichtlies it ſall not eſchew
Of vengeance the abhominabill ſwoꝛd
And gloir in the Croce of Chꝛiſt Jeſew.

Siclyke of Juda the Lyoun ſtrang,
Upon the Croce, he grat and hang,
Quhen he was raiſit he ouer thꝛew
The Serpent and his venemous ſtang
And gloird in the Croce of Chꝛiſt Jeſew.

The decreit and ſcharpe hand wꝛyte,
That ſtoppit vs fra the Father quyte,
Furth of the myndis he with dꝛew
And fixt it to the Croce perfyte,
And gloird in the Croce of Chꝛiſt Jeſew.
Syne the Jewis that war Legall,
And Gentiles that from adames fall,
Sa mony zeiris thair God miſknew

Maiſt

Giue ze haue riſin from
Maid baith ane bodie myſticall
And gloris in the Croce of Chriſt Ieſew.

Lat vs thairfoir with Paull now ſing,
Away from vs all viſibill thing
Sing to the Lord ane ſang of new
Of laude, praiſe, and comforting.
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Ieſew.

With ſpirituall lufe let vs proceid
Nocht lyke the Iewes with feir and dreid
Sing to the Lord ane ſang richt trew,
That was borne of King Dauids ſeid,
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Ieſew.

Finis

QUha ſuld my melodie amend,
Or ſolace ſwiftly to me ſend,
Quha ſuld me ſucour or ſupplie,
Quha ſuld me from the deid defend,
Bot God my lufe in heuin ſa hie.

Imploir his grace quhair we offend.
And do our former lyfe amend,
Giue honour onlie to that King
In quhome our hope allone depend,
And lufe him alſo ouer all thing

Nixt lufe zour nichtbour as zour ſell
Euill thochtis from zour mynde expell

F

Quhair Spreit is waik aſk comforting
At him quhilk creat heuin and hell
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing

Do gude for euill and leue zour lyfe,
Not gude for gude, nor euill for euill,
Than ze preſent ane peirles ſing,
Of lyfe ſerene, the warld vntill
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Thocht thow perſwaid this threid ſlyding
Quhilk ay increſſis moir and moir
Think weill on heuinlie gouerning
This warld is nocht bot trauſitoir.
And Lufe thy God attour all thing.

Quha ſeruis the warld gais amis
And ſall be far from heuinnis blis,
For quhy) in Scripture is founding
Na wicht can ſerue twa Lordis I wis,
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Finis

¶ The Conceptioun of Chriſt.

Lat vs reioyce and ſing
And praiſe that michtie King,
Quhilk ſend his Sone of a Virgine bricht.
La. Lay. Lay.
And on him tuke our vyle nature,
Our deidlie woundis to cure,

Mankynde to hald in richt,
La. Lay. La;
Sanct Luk wrytis in his Goſpell,
God ſend his Angell Gabriell,
Unto that Virgine but defame.
La. Lay, La:
For to fulfill the Propheſie,
Was ſpouſit with Joſaph fre
Marie ſchò had to nam ,
La. Lay. La;
Thir wordis to hir he did reheirs,
Haill Mary full of grace,
The Lord God is with the.
La. Lay. La.
Thow bliſſit Virgine myld
Thow ſall conſaue ane Chylde,
The pepill redemit ſall hé:
La. Lay. La;
Quhais power and grit mycht,
Sall be in Goddis ſicht,
Quhilk from the Father of michtis ſend,
La. Lay. La;
Jeſus his Name ze call,
Quhilk ſalbe Prince ouir all
His Kingdome ſall haue no end
La. Lay. La.
Than ſpak that Virgine fre,
Behald how ſall this be.
Seing I knaw na man:
La: Lay. La;

Fir

Than ſaid the angell chaiſt,
Be the power of the haly Gaiſt,
Quhilk all thing wirk he can.
La. Lay. La.
Elizabeth thy couſing alſo,
Sax monethis with Chylde can go
at quhais birth grit ioy ſall be:
La. Lay. La.
Call him Johne, ſayis the angell bricht,
Quhilk is ſend be Goddis mycht,
The Lordis way prepair ſall he.
La, Lay. La,

FINIS

* * *

Heir endis the ſpirituall ſangis, and beginnis the Pſalmes of Dauid with vtheris new pleſand ballattis, Tranſlatit out of Enchiridon Pſalmorum to be ſung.

* * *

Quare fremuerunt gentes, Pſal. ii

Quhat is the caus o God omnipotent

Quhat is the cauſe

That all Natiounis commuſit ar ſa ſore
The Kingis and the pepill with ane conſent
Reſiſtis the thy power and thy gloir,
Thay ſtryue aganis thy Law ay moir & moir.
And cõtrair Chriſt thy Sone quhome ẏ hes ſent,
To ſaif all men that will on him depend,

Thay will not be reformit from thair ſin.
Bot will remaine blindit in Igonrance
And will not thole to luke thy Law within
Bot caſtis it away with grit greuance
Thy counſell they refuiſe and gouernance
And folowing thair awin hertis conſait
Euerie man drawis a ſindrie gait

Bot thow o God in heuin ſitto thy King
Thow makis all thair counſellis euerſeone.
Quhat thay intend that ſall thay neuer bring
To finall end for thy wiſdome allone
Thair prignant Wittis ſall ſcorne and anone,
In thy grit Ire thow ſall them ſair reprufe.
And frõ thy face thow ſall them ſwyith remufe

For God hes ſet a Captaene ſtark and wycht
Chriſtis awin Sone, God and man naturall
On Mont Sinay to reule it Juſt and richt,
That is to ſay his Kirk vniuerſall
To teiche his Fatheris word Celeſtiall,
His Godlie will and pleſour for to ſchaw,
Inſtructing all the warld into his Law,

Fin

God ſaid to him, thow art my Sone and air,
I the begat for euer and this day,
Thy deid purcheſt victorie preclair,
Syne from the deid, thow rais to King for ay,
My choſin in the, ſall not cum to decay,
Quha trewlie traiſtis in thy godlie name,
Sall neuer die, Eternallie I plaine,

My Sone I will the geue all Natiounis,
In heritage, and put thame in thy cure:
To reule thame with thy miniſtratiounis,
And preif thame with the Croce at thy pleſoure,
To purge thair fleſchelie luſt & mak thame pure,
And for to rais thair myndis ſpirituall
To pryſe thy name now and pertuall.

Heirfoir Kingis and rewlaris now be war,
Aduert till Goddis word and Diſcipline.
Reſſaue his Sone aboue all thing perfar,
His Godlie word, and keip weill his doctrine
Leirn him to dreid, and traiſt in till him ſyne,
Quhilk is the trew wirſchip and richteouſnes
That God requyris of mankynd mair and leſs.

Reſſaif thairfoir his ſweit correctioun,
That he na mair with zow offendit be,
Befoir zour eine with trew affectioun,
And in zour hart ze haue him Identlie.
Obey his Law for quhen greuit is he
Than quha dar his Iuſt Iudgement abyde,

Saif vs gude Lord

Bliſſit ar they quhilk on him dois confyde.
Finis

Saluum me fac, Pſal. xi

SAif vs gude Lorde, and ſuccour ſend,
For periſchit is halynes:
And trewth away from men is wend.
And fled fra thame is faithfulnes,
Diſſait amang thame ſa is ſawin
The veritie may nocht be knawin.
Thair toungis ar full of feinzetnes.

Thair leing tungis, o Lord, cut out.
That ſpeikis in to thy contemptioun:
And ſayis in all place round about.
Our tungis hes ane exemptioun,
Euin as we pleis, our lippis may lie
For we haue all authoritie
Nane hes of vs dominioun.

Bot God hes ſaid, and will it keip,
I will ryſe vp incontinent,
For the oppreſt that ſair dois weip,
And murning of the indigent.
The pure that vexit is ſo ſore,
I will them ſaue, and them reſtoir,
Fra wickit tungis teiche ment.

And Goddis word and promiſe,
Is trewar, cleirar, and mair pure,
Then ſiluer, ſeuin tymes purify it,

Sen that thow art in woꝛd ſo ſure
Thow ſaue vs from ſic ſoꝛt of men,
and fra the doctrine that they ken,
Eternally on vs tak cure

Quhen Hypocꝛites ar principall,
and hieſt in authoritie:
On foꝛce the pepill follow ſall
Thair falſet and Hypocriſie
The pepill folow mon on neid,
Thir Pꝛelatis and thair wickit deid
Baith blindit from the veritie

¶ Vſque quo Domine. Pſal. xxii with the tune of
Exaudi Deus orationem meam.

O Loꝛd how lang foꝛ euer will thow foꝛget
And hyde thy face fra me, oꝛ ȝit how lang
Sall I reheirs thy counſell in my hert
Quhen ſall my hart ceis of this ſoꝛie ſang,
O Loꝛd behald help me, and licht my eine,
that ſuddand ſleip of deith do me na teine.

Oꝛ ellis quhen my enemies ſeis my fall,
We did pꝛeuaill, ſone will thay ſay on me
And gif thay ſe me be them brocht in thꝛall
Thay will reioyce into thair tyrannie
Bot I in God hes hope and traiſt to ſe
His godly helpe than ſall I loue the Loꝛd
Finis

Quhilk did me ſaue fra them that had me ſchorn

FINIS

¶ Domine quis habitauit. Pſal. xxiiij.

O Lord quha ſall in heuin dwell with the
In thy triumphāt throne and Tabernakill
Or quha ſall on thy haly hill ſa hie
Mak reſidence and haue his Habitakill
The Innocent that is ane ſpectakill
Of haly lyfe and conuerſatioun
And iuſt in all his operatioun.
and he quhilk on the treuth hes all his thocht,
and with his tung the ſame for till furth ſchaw
and quhais toung his Nichtbour noyis nocht
and hurtis nane be boiſt, nor ȝit be blaw
and thocht his Nichtbouris faute or vice he.
He ſcornis not: bot dois till his brother (knaw
As that he wald till him did ony vther.

He that hes in na reputatioun
The wickit men, in nuriſching thair vice:
With flatterie and adulatioun,
and all gude men he haldis into pryſe,
and thay that dreidis God he countis wyſe
Quhat euer he ſweir to ony man or ſay,
His promeis he will keip without delay.

Na Ocrour will he vſe intill his lane.
Bot frely with his Nichtbour len and borrow

Contair the iuſt reward he wil take nane
Bot him defend frome ſyn, ſchame and ſorrow,
This will he do at midnicht and at morrow
Quhat euer he be that weill obſeruis this
Sall neuer periſche, bot ring in heuinnis blis
Finis

¶ Dominus regit me Pſal. xxiij.

THe Lord God is my Paſtor gude
Aboundantlie me for to feid
Then how can I be deſtitude
Of ony gude thing in my neid.
He feidis me in feildis fair.
To Riueris ſweit pure and preclair,
He dryuis me but ony dreid.

My ſaull and lyfe he dois refreſche,
And me conuoyis in the way
Of his iuſtice and richteouſnes
And me defendis from decay
Not for my warkis verteouſnes,
Bot for his name ſa glorious
Preſeruis me baith nicht and day.

And thoch I waruer, or ga will
Or am in danger for to die.
Na dreid of deid ſall cum me till,
Nor feir of cruell tyrannie.
Becaus that thow art me beſyde,
To gouerne me and be my gyde,

The Lord is my Paſtour
From all miſcheif and meſerie

Thy ſtaffe quhairof I ſtand grit aw
And thy ſcheip huke me for to fang
Thy nurture me my fautis to knaw
Quhen fra the hie way I ga wrang
Thairfoir my Spreit is blyth and glaid
Quhen on my fleſche thy ſcurge is laid,
In the richt way to gar me gang.

And thow ane Tabill dois prouyde,
Befoir me, full of all delyte
Contrair to my perſewaris pryde,
To thair diſpleaſoure and diſpyte.
Thow hes anointed weill my heid
And full my coupe thow hes maid,
With mony diſches of delyte.

Thy gudnes and beningnitie
Let euer be with me thairfoir
And quhile I liue vntill I die,
Thow lay them vp with me in ſtoir
That I may haue my dwelling place
Into thy hous befoir thy face,
To ring with the for euer moir
Finis

Exultate iuſti in Domino. Pſal. xxxiij

Ze Richteous reioyce & loue the Lord (cord
Iuſt mē, to thank thair God dois weil ac-
play

Ze rychteouſe reioyce

Play on zour lute and ſweitlie to it ſing
Take harpe in hand with moy luſtie ſtring
Tyrle on the ten ſtringit Inſtrument,
And prayſe zour God with hert, and haill intent
Sing na auld thing the quhilk is abrogate
Bot ſing ſum new pleſand perfyte ballate
Blaw vp organis with glaid and heuinlie ſound,
Ioyfull in hert quhilk all the ſkyes reſound,
For Goddis word is treuth and veritie
And dois all his deidis faithfullie
The Lord lufis Juſtice and richteouſnes,
And all the eird is full of his gudnes,
The heuinis hie war create be the Lord,
Thair ornamentis war dreſſit be his word
He heipis vp the wateris lyke ane hill
Syne turnis them in deip quhen that he will
Dreid ze the Lord all dwelleris on the ground,
And wirſchip him all haiſ the warld ſo round,
Quhat God decreittis is done incontinent
All Creature obeyis his commandement;
The counſellis of the wickit and deuyſe
He perturbis appeirand euer ſo wyſe
He ſcornis all thair conſolatioun.
And wickit peopillis Imaginatioun.
Bot his counſell ſall leſt perpetuall
And ſall indure till generatiouns all
Full happie is the peopill maiſt and leiſt
Quhilk in thair God & Lord hes all thair treiſt,
And quhom that God dois cheis befoir all age
Thame to poſſes in proper heritage

The

Ze richteous reioyce

The Lord lukis furth of his heuinlie ſait
And perſauis all men of euerilk ſtait
From his triumphant throne he dois behald
All Natiounis and dwelleris on the molde
For he allone did creat all thair hertis
And he allone dois knaw all thair warkis
The King is not ſaif be his grit armie
Nor Jyand ſaue be ſtrenth of his bodie,
The bardet hors in neid ſall men diſſaif
And mony thouſand hors may no man ſaif
The eyis of the Lord thay do aduert,
Till thame that dreidis him with all thair hert,
Treſting his godlie help with patience.
To ſaif thair lyfe in tyme of peſtilence
And in the tyme of derth thame for to feid
And be thair onlie help in all thair neid
Thairfoir my ſauill in God put thy belief
Our ſtrenth and targe to ſaif vs fra miſcheif,
Our hert ſalbe into the Lord Joyous.
Sen we treſt in his name maiſt glorious
Aſſiſt to vs o Lord for thy gudnes
Euin as we traiſt in thy greit gentilnes.

FINIS

Noli æmulari in Pſalme xxxvii

Thow ſall not follow wickit mennis wayis.
Nor zit murne that ſinfull haue gude dayis,
For lyke the widderit hay ſone ſall thay faid
And as the graſſe that wallowis rute and blaid
Bot in the Lord put thow thy haill beleif

[illegible]

And wirk his will and not that may him greu
And than the frutfull land thow ſall poſſes.
Aboundantlie and ſall haue gret riches
Into the Lord put all thy haill delyte.
And he ſall grant hy hertis appetyte
Schaw furth befoir the Lord thy mynde & wil
And treſt in him he ſall it weill fulfill
Than as the goldin morning ſchynes bricht
Sa ſall thy Juſtice ſchine to euerie wicht
And as the Sone in midday ſchinis fair
Sa ſall thy vertew knawin be alquhair
Vpon the Lord haue euer thy intent
Befoir thyne eine and haue him ay preſent.
and muſe the not at thair proſperite,
That leuis all thair lyfe wrangouſlie
Remoue rancour and Ire furth of thy thocht.
The ill exempill of the wickit follow nocht
For cruell men ſall ſune diſtroyit be
Bot quha abydis the Lord patientlie
Sall bruke the land and his poſſeſſioun
Full peciabillie without oppreſſioun
Suffer alytill quhyle and thow ſall ſe
The wickit man periſch befoir thyne E.
Thow ſall behald him and his mantioun.
Be brocht to nocht and vtter confuſioun
Bot humbill men ſall inherite the eird,
And leif in peace fra wickit mennis reird
The ſinfull man with euill will awayit.
The innocent that can mak no debait
With countenance auſteir ſall on him gyrne

His Irefull hert, with baill ſall euer byrne
Bot thou gud Lord ſall lauch them all to ſcorne
And knawis the tyme that they ſalbe forlorne
The cruell men ſall draw thair birneiſt brand
And haue thair bow bent reddy in thair hand
For to ſlay the meik and Innocent
That they may cum to thair wickit intent
Thair awin ſword ſall ſtryke them throw the (hert
And brokin ſall thair bow be in all part
The lytill of the iuſt is mair commendit
Sa that it be weill win and better ſpendit
Then is the greit riches of wickit men
Quhair throw they do baith God & man miſken
The power of the wickit ſall decay
Bot God ſall preſerue the iuſt man for ay
The tymes of the iuſt God dois record
Thair heritage ſalbe with God the Lord
In tyme of perrell they ſall not be agaſt
And in grit derth thair fude ſalbe adreſt,
Bot wickit men ſall periſche in thair neid
And they that of the Lord hes no dreid,
Lyke Sacrifice they ſall conſumit be.
Quhair of bot reik thow can no moir ſe.
The wickit man will take and will not pay
The Iuſt frelie will giue without delay
Quha luffis him and of him ſpeikis gude
Sall bruke the land bot quha will delude,
Or dois blaſpheme the kynde and liberall
Sall rutit be furth of memoriall
The pathis of the Iuſt God dois direct

He luffis him and will not him neglect,
Suppoſe he fall be ſea, or zit be land.
God will erect him with his helping hand:
I haue bene zung, and cum now to grit age,
Zit ſaw I neuer the Juſt left in thirlage,
Nor zit haue ſene his poſteritie,
Beggand thair breid for greit neceſſitie
Bot he will giue and len his gude at large
Till tham that myſter hes and will him charge,
Zit ſall his ſeid liue into plenteouſnes,
Aboundantly poſſes grit riches
He leuis ill, and followis gude thairfoir
With God he ſall Ring euer moir,
The Lord luffis Juſtice and equitie
And leuis not his Sanctis in miſerie,
For he on tham perpetually hes cure
Bot wickit mennis ſeid ſall not indure,
Juſt men with Joy the eirth ſall poſſes,
And dwell lang tyme on it and haue ſucces.
The Juſt mannis mouth exercis ſapience,
Of equitie ay ſpeikand of prudence.
The Law of God is in his hert ſa haill,
In all his wayis thairfoir he can not faill
The wickit dois obſerue the innocent,
To ſeik to ſlay him with cruell intent,
Bot God will not him leif into his neid,
Bot will him ſaif fra tyrannis wickit deid,
Thay can not him condampne quhē thay accuſe
Preſeruit ſall he be from thair abuſe,
Traiſt in the Lord and keip weill his command

and he ſall the exalt in euerie land.
Poſſes the eird thow ſall and with thyne Ee
the wickit man deſtroyit ſall thow ſe,
Sumtyme a tyrane flureiſch haue I ſene,
Lyke Lawrel tre quhilk euer growis grene,
Bot in ſchort tyme ſune was he brocht to nocht
He was not found nor that belangit him oche
Keip iuſtice, and haue ane, E, vnto the richt,
that ſall mak peace for euer wt God of micht,
For wrangous men ſall end miſchieuouſlie,
and wickit mens fyne is miſerie
The Juſt all haill vpon the Lord dependis,
Quhilk is his ſtreth & all tyme him defendis,
God helpis him and ſendis him ſupplie,
And ſauis him fra Tyrannis crueltie
Becaus in him he did put his truſt,
Into his trubles greit culd him moleſt.

Finis

Exaudi Deus orationem meam,

Pſa. lxiiij

O Lord aduert vnto my voyce and cry,
Now quhen I pray vnto thy Maieſtie
From dreidour of my mortall Enemie,
Defend my lyfe and als delyuer me.
Defend me from the fals ſubtilitie.
Of wickit men, and from the cruelnes,
Of them that alwayis wirk vnrichteouſnes;

Fra them that hes thair tungis ſcharp & grounde
And ſcharper than ony twa edged ſword,
Lyke deidly dartis thow giuuis ſtang & ſtound,
Richt ſa proceſdis of thair mouth euery word.
Quhairwith to ſlay thay thinke it bot a bourd,
The Innocent with ſecreit diſſemblance:
Without dreidour of Goddis vengence.

Thay haue deuyſit abhominatioun,
Amang them ſelues in thair maliciouſnes
Rycht priuely is thair communicatioun.
To ſet thair nettis with clokit craftines,
With ſic deuyce as it wer halynes,
That na man ſuld thair violence eſpy,
Quhilk wald reuenge thair fals Hypocriſe.

Thair counſell is to ſeirche and to Inquyre
The Innocent with wrang for till accuſe.
In all this warld thay haue na mair deſire,
For euer in thair mynde of this they muſe,
Quha will delayit they will mak na refuſe
Of fa or fule, and for ſuſpitioun
Thay will bring men vnto confuſion.

Bot now na mair thair malice ſall remaine.
For God ſall ſtryke them in ſchort ſeſoun.
Of quhom they ſalbe plaguit with greit paine,
And men ſall hald them in deriſoun,
Thair tungis ſalbe thair awin confuſioun,
Quhilk was ſa ſcharp in contrair Innocence,

That foꝛ them ſelues thay ſall make na defence;

Quhen men ſall ſe this haiſtie ſuddand change,
Than ſall thay wonder, and cleirlie vnderſtand
That it is God quhilk dois his awin reuenge
And ſall weill knaw that nane can him withſtand
All men ſall ſe this wark of Goddis hand.
The iuſt ſall traiſt in God and als reioyce,
And all trew hartis ſall ioy to heir this noyis:
Finis

Quam bonus Deus Iſraell
Pſal. lxxiij

TIll trew in hart God of Iſraell is ſweit;
Bot ſtaker and almaiſt failzeit my feit,
Quhen I beheld thir peruerſt wickit men,
Pꝛoſper alway, thocht thay did God miſken;

Thair is na zock thir wickit men may oppres,
Bot euer in welth pleſoure and great riches,
Quhen vther men are trublit and diſeſit
With all paſtyme full pleſandly thay are eaſit;

Thꝛow quhilk are exalted in to pꝛyde,
Thair violence and wꝛang walkis full wyde
Thꝛow thair grit micht in alkin luſt thay leif,
Quhat thay can think vnto thair hart thay geif;

Quhat euer is done thay think it vanitie

Bot gif that they the anthour of it be,
God of heuin they blaſpheme with thair mouth,
To curs all men they think it na vncouth.

For this the pepill dois flow to and fro
Quhen thay the wickit with welth ſe do ſwa,
They dar be bauld to dout gif God dois knaw
Or vnderſtand the breking of his Law.

And I alſo thocht thair proſperitie,
Suld euer indure with thame Eternallie,
And thocht vnto my ſelf I did offence,
That wyſche my handis and leuit in Innocence.

To thole diſtres I thocht it was in vaine,
Baith day and nicht to tak on me ſic paine,
Quhen I had lang argound on ſic a kynde,
The ſons of God I dampnit in my mynde,

I tuke trauell on this to know the treuth,
Bot all for nocht, my labour was bot ſleuth,
Quhen I ſall enter in Goddis ſecreit place,
Than ſall I ſe thair end befoir my face

Full ſlydrie is the ſait, that they on ſit,
And for thair fault till hell ſone ſall they flit
For ſuddantlie thay ſall die with miſcheif,
Thair diſtructioun ſall be without releif.

As quhen ane man awaikis of his dreame,

Till trew in hart

Sa ſall the Lord deſtroy thair fuliſch fame,
Quhen I had this Imaginatioun,
My dullie Spreit was in greit paſſioun.

Imprudentlie this brint I in my thocht,
In thy preſence as brutall beiſt of nocht
Zit let thow not me fall on ſic ane ſort,
Bot held my hand and gaue me gude comfort

With thy counſill thow ſall me weill conuoy,
And efter this reſſaue me to thy ioy
O Lord quhat euer in heuin ordand for me,
Outher in eird, compair I not to the.

Nathing am I, my body nor my hart
God is my ſtrenth and euer ſalbe my part
Periſche ſall they that fleis from the far,
Loſte ſall they be, that ocht to the prefar.

To me forſuith I think it for the beſt
To cleue to God, and on him put my traiſt,
And ſchaw the nobill warkis that he hes done
To quhome be gloir ringand in his throne.

Finis

Deus quis ſimilis erit tibi
Pſal. lxxxiii

GOD for thy grace thow kiep no moir ſilence

Poſtpone it not, bot haſt thy vengeance
On Hypocrites humbly I the exhort
For thay rebellis with rage do reſort,
And they quhilk at the haue mortall feid.
Contrair thy micht hes liftit vp thair heid.

And till oppres thy pepill do pretend,
Under pretence and cloikit halynes,
With ſubtill ſlycht to ſlay vs thay intend,
Confederat thay are baith mair and les
Contrair thy teſtament our hope, & richteouſnes
Thay ſay, thay ſall vs rute frome the ground
That na mentioun of vs ſall mair be found,

Thay now conſpyre with cruell hart and fell,
With ane conſent, togidder in ane band,
Quhilk neuer befoir could grie amang them ſell
Stryuand for ſtait and hiecht in euerie land.
Bot contrair the, togidder ſtiffe they ſtand!
And faſt lyke burris they cleif baith ane and all.
To hald o God thy word and vs in thrall.

Ye Edomeitis Idoll with thrinfull Croune,
The crop and rute of pryde and Tyrannie,
Ye Iſmalitis with ſcarlat hat and gowne,
Zour bludie boiſt na ſpith can ſatiſfye.
Ze Moabitis with hornis twa full hie
Outward lyke ſcheip ze beir the beiſtis mark,
Inward lyke tykis ze byte but can not bark.

Of Agarnis quhat tung can tell the tryne,
With hurklit hude ouer a weill mureiſt neck,
Jabell and Amon, als fat as ony ſwyne,
Quhilk can not do, bot drink ſing: ſouk, and bek
The Amelekis, that leſingis weill can clek.
The Paleſtenis with dum Doctours of Tyre
Quhilk dar not diſpute, but cryis fyr, fyre

Aſſure in harnes is with them euer moir,
Companzeoun he is perpetuall,
To Lotis Sonis, for to mainteue thair gloir,
He wate nocht ellis, for his conſeience is thrall
To thame quhilk hes na hope celeſtiall,
Bot contrare God in durit hes thair hartis,
Syne ſylis princes blindly take thair partis.

O God of gloir reſiſt thair cruelnes,
As thow ſumtyme ouerthrew the Madianitis,
And Sicera with his maliciouſnes.
And Jabene, with his bludie Hypocritis.
At Kyſon ſtude, as weill the ſtory dytis,
Thay periſchit at Endor throw thay micht
Syne muke become, and fylth for all thair hyche.

Thair gouernouris and thair gydis gif ſiclyke.
As Oreb, Seb, Seba, and Zelmanie.
Thair ſinnis ſchawis thay ar a bludie byke,
And zit thay wald throw thair Hypocriſie,
Poſſes the Kirk of God throw tyrannie,
And will cum to na counſall generall,

For feir they loſe thair pompe pontificall,

As quheill vnſtabill and caſt befoir the winde,
And as the wod conſumit is with fyre,
And as the flame burning quhair it can fynde,
The faggot in the feild, with great Impyre:
Siclyke perſew them with thy griuous Ire,
Lat thy tempeſt thair wrathfulnes reuenge,
And lat thy ſtorme thair pryde in purteh change.

Confound thé Lord yᵗ they may ſeik thy name
Perturbe thair mynde with cair continuall,
And let thame periſche and cum till vtter ſchame,
Lat thame knaw the, for the God Eternall,
Allanerly on the allone to call,
And the obey, aboue all eirdly thing
Maiſt michtieſt maiſt hieſt in thy King.

Finis

Qui habitat in Adiutorio.

Pſal, lxxxi

QUha on the hieſt will depende
And in his ſecreit help will traiſt
Almichty God ſall him defend,
And gyde him with his haly Gaiſt,
Thairfoir with mynde rype and degeſt
Thow ſay to God my trew releue,
My hope my God of michtis maiſt;
Onlie in him I will beleue.

Quha on the hieſt will depend
He ſall delyuer the at neid
And ſaue thy lyfe from peſtilence
His wingis ar thy weirlie weid
His pennis ar thy ſtrang defence,
And thow ſall haue experience,
That his trew promeis is thy ſcheild,
His word of greit magnificence
Sall be thy buklair and thy beild.

Na wickit Spreit ſall the affray
Nor the delude into the nicht,
The fleand dartis be the day,
To troubill the ſall haue na micht.
Na ſuddand chance of vncouth flicht,
Sall cummer the, nor mak the red,
Nor the perturbe in mark nor licht,
Bot from all plague thow ſall be fre.

And thow ſall ſe at thy left hand
Ane thouſand haue ane ſuddand fall,
And als thow ſall ſe ten thouſand
At thy richt hand quhilk pericſhe ſall.
Yet nocht to the ſall cum at all,
Bot thow ſall with thyne eine behald,
Sinnaris put fra memoriall·
With plagues greit and mony fald

O Lord my hope and all my grace,
Thow ſaif me for thy great mercie,
Thy gyrth is ſet in ſicker place,

Quha on the hieſt will depend
For he ſall ſaif the mychtfully
And na miſchance ſall cum to the,
Nor malady ſall the moloſt.
Na miſfortune thy hous ſall ſe,
Bot all thingis wirk ſall for the beſt.

His angels he ſall giue ane charge,
That thay on the ſall take the cure,
In all thy wayis to be ane targe
To keip the from miſauenture,
And with thair handis they ſall the ſure,
That thow hurt not aganis ane craige
Thay fute, bot ſall preſerue the ſure,
From perellis, panis, and from plage

Thow ſall ſtrampe on the edderis ſtrang,
And tred on the cruell Cockatrice,
The Lyons craig thow ſall ouergang.
The dreidfull Dragoun thow ſall chace
Sen thow me traiſtis in all cace
Sayis God I ſall the ſaue from all ſchame,
And the defend in euerie place,
For cauſe thow knaw my godly Name.

Quhen thow ſall call I ſall the heir,
And in diſtres ſall be with the,
I ſall reſtoir the haill and feir.
And als I ſall the magnifye,
With lang lyfe doutet ſall thow be,
And at thy laſt I ſall the bring.

Quhais

Quhair thow Eternall gloir ſoll ſe,
or euermoir with me to Ring.
Finis.

In exitu Iſraell Pſal, lxxxi

QUhen fra Egypt departit Iſraell,
And Jacobs hous fra pepill barbour fell
To Juda Lord thow was his Sauiour
And to Iſraell ane gyde and gouornour.
Quhilk quhen the ſea had ſene, for feir it fled
The flude Iordane zeid back it was ſo red,
The montanis mouit & ran athort lyke rammis,
The hilles danſit and lychtlie lap lyke lambis
Thow ſwelland ſey quhat mouit the to fle?
To gang aback Iordane quhat ailit the?
Quhat gart zow montanis lyke rammis ſtert &
And ze hillis lyke lambis loup & bend (ſtend
It was the Lordis feir that made ſic reird
And Jacobs God perturbit all the eird.
For God turnit the craig in freſch riuer,
The barran bra in Fontane water cleir,
Not vnto vs not vnto vs O Lord,
Bot to thy ſweit promeis and to thy word,
And to thy name be gloir allanerlie
Quhilk keipis thy promeis faithfullie,
Thairfoir lat not our enemies blaſpheme
Thy Maieſtie for we may not ſuſteine
To heir thame ſay quhair is thy grit aſſiſtence,
The godly help of thy magnificence.

Our God forſuith ringis in heuin full hie,
and quhat him liſtis, or lyke workis he,
Thair Images of ſtock, ſtane gilt with golde,
ar made be men, and ſyne for money ſold.
Thay haif a mouth can nother ſay nor ſing.
thair eine ar blind, and they can ſe na thing
Thay cannot heir thocht men do cry and ȝell,
thair nois thirlis can nouther ſauer nor ſmell.
Thay haif handis, can nouther feill nor grope,
thair fundyit feit can nouther gang nor loupe.
Thay cã pronunce na voice furth of their throts
they ar ouergane with mouſwobs and motis
Quha makis thame, or traiſtis in thair ſupport
are lyke to them in all manner of ſort.
Bot thow Iſraell in God put thy traiſt
Thy protector into thy myſter maiſt.
Ȝe hous of Aaron in God put ȝour beleif,
Ȝour defendar and na man can ȝow greif,
All worſchippers of God, traiſt in his name
he is ȝour help, and Sauiour allane
The Lord hes mynde and mercie vpon vs
will fauour vs, and bring vs to his blys.
As feid the hous of Iſraell with his fude.
and to the hous of Aaron will be gude
Thow ſall do weill to them that dreidis the
baith ȝung and ald quhat ſtait ẏ euer they be
God ſall augment his pepill and incres.
and eik thair ſonnis and dochteris mair & les
He is the Lord that creat heuin,
and eird with his creatures, in dayis ſeuin.

The heuinnis ar the Lordis habitatioun,
The eird he gaue to mannis propagatioun,
The deid may nocht loue amang the leaue
Nor they that are diſcendit in their graue,
Bot we that are on lyfe ſall loue and ſing
To God for euer vnto our liues ending.
Finis

Niſi quia Dominus Pſal. Cxxiiij.

EXcept the Lord with vs had ſtand
ſay furth Iſraell vnfenzeitlie,
Had not the Lord bene our warrand
Quhen men raiſe in our contrary:
They had vs all on liue deuourit
With Ire, ſa ſcharglie they vs ſchorkt,
Sa kendlit was thair crueltie.

For lyke the welterand wallis brym
They had ouerquhelmet vs with micht
Lyke burnis that in ſpait faſt rin,
Thay had ouerthrawin vs with flicht.
The bulrand ſtremis of thair pryde
Had periſchit vs throw bak and ſyde
And reit fra vs our life full richt.

Bot loving to the Lord allone,
That gaue vs nocht to be thair pray
To be rent with thair teith anone
Bot hes vs fred full weill thame fray

Lyke to ane bird tane in ane net.
The quhilk the Fowler for hir ſet
Sa is our lyfe weill win away.

The net is broken in pices ſmall
And we ar ſauit fra thair ſchame
Our hope was ay and euer ſall
Be in the Lord and in his name
The quhilk hes creat heuin ſo hie
And made the eird ſa meruellouſlie.
And all the ferlies of the ſame.

Finis

De profundus Pſal xxx

Fra deip (O Lord) I call to the
Lord heir my inuocatioun
Thy eiris thow inclyne to me
And heir my lamentatioun,
For gif thow will our ſine impute
Till vs O Lord that we commit
Quha may byde thy accuſatioun.

Bot thow art mercifull and kynde
And hes promittit in thy write
Thame that repent with hert and mynde
Of all their Sin to mak them quyte,
Thocht I be full of Sinfulnes
Zit thow art ful of faithfulnes
And thy promiſes trew and perfyte,

My hope is ſtedfaſte in the Lord
My Saull euer on him traiſt
And my beleue is in thy word
And all thy promittis maiſt and leiſt
My Saull on God waitis and is bent
As watchmen wauld the nicht war went
Bydand the day to take him reſt

Iſraell in God put thy belief
For he is full of gentilnes
Fredome gudnes and all releue
All Iſraell of thair diſtres
He ſall delyuer Iſraell
And all thair ſinnaris ſall expell
And cleith them with his richteouſnes.

Finis

Super Elumina Babylonis
Pſal cxxxviii

AT the Riueris of, Babylon
Quhair we dwelt in Captiuity
Quhen we rememberit on Syon
We weipit all full ſorrowfully
On the Sauch tries our Harpis we hang
Quhen they requyrit vs ane ſang
That hald vs in ſic thirldome
Thay bad vs ſing ſum Pſalme or hymnis
That we ſumtyme ſang Syon in
To quhome we anſwerit full ſune.

How may we outher play or ſing,
The Pſalmes of our Lord ſa ſweit,
Intill ane vncouth land or Reigne,
My richt hand firſt ſall that forleit,
Or Ieruſalem forzettin be,
Faſt to my chaftis my toung ſalbe,
Claſpit, or that I it forzet,
In my maiſt glaidnes and my game
I ſall remember Ieruſalem,
And all my hart vpon it ſet,

O Lord think on the Edometis
How thay did at Ieruſalem,
Thay bad diſtroy with cruelteis.
Put all to ſack and it ouerquhelme.
Bot wrachit ſall thou be Babylon,
And bliſſit is that Campion.
Sall ſerue the as thow ſeruit vs.
And he that ſall thy bairnis plaig,
And raſche thair harnis aganis a craig,
Is happy and full glorious.

Finis

Exultabo te Pſal, cliiij

I Will the loue my gratious Lord and King
Thankand thy name for euer will I ſing
All tyme I will reioyce and ſing to the,
And praiſe thy name alſo perpetually.
Greit is the Lord, and all land dois excell.

And his greit micht quha can diſcryue or tell:
Ane generatioun thy warkis dois declair,
Wnto ane vther, and als thy greit power,
Thy gloir, thy greitnes, and thy magnificence
Thy nobill actes and digne of rememberance,
I will furth ſchaw thy meruellis ſa greit,
Thy magnitude I will it pnt in dyte,
Memorie als of thy greit gentilnes
We ſall ay ſing, and of thy richteouſnes,
The Lord is meik, and mercyfull is he.
Slaw to reuenge, and to forgiue redie
Courtes and kynde till men is the Lord
In all his warkis is miſericorde,
And all thy warkis do thank the thairfoir
And all thy Sanctes to thy Name gif gloir
The gloriouſnes of thy kingdome teiche,
And with thair tung thy greit power preiche
Till all natiounis thy magnitude and micht,
Of thy riche renowne thy heninlly luſum licht;
Thy royall Realme is Realme of Realmes all
And thy Impyre indure for euer ſall.
The Lord is help to thame that ſlyde & ſlummer
them that trublit ar bringis out of cummer,
All mennis eine O Lord do the abyde,
Thow feids them in all tyme and tyde,
Thow oppinnis furth thy hand full graciouſlie,
And ſatiſfyis all flaſche aboundantly,
In all his wayis the Lord is iuſt and richt.
In all his warkis is ſanctifyit his micht,
Till all callis on the Lord, he is full neir,

Sa that in trew beleif be thair prayer.
He grantis thair deſyre that dreidis him
And heir is thame and forgeuis thair ſin.
All them that luiffis the Lord he ſauis thame.
And he confoundis all ſort of wickit men
The louing of the Lord my mouth ſall ſound
All louing men in to this warld ſa round.
Sall loue thy name, perpetuall and moir,
Gif moir may be, regnand in to thy gloir.

Finis

Deus venerunt gentes.
Pſal Lxxvii

The Hethin folke, Lord in thy heritage
Hes cum in to exerce thair tyrannee,
And hes defylit euer to this aige,
The Tempill quhilk was dedicate to the.
Quhilk haly was, and ʒit ſall bliſſit be.
Jeruſalem, as apellis lay in heip,
Bot thow gude Lord, ryſe vp and na mair ſleip.

Thair tyrannie aganis thy commandis,
Richt cruelly exerſit in diſpyte,
Hes put to deid thy iuſt and trew ſeruandes
The foulis of the heuin with greit delyte
Did eit thair fleſche, and beiſtis ſair culd byte.
Thair bodies quhen thay lay in commun ſtreit
Jeruſalem thairfoir richt ſair did weip

Tha

Thair blude was ſched, as Reuers of a well
That compaſt hes Jeruſalem about,
Nane was that micht thair tyranny expell,
aganis them it was ſa ſtrang and ſtout.
Thair bodies throw thair danger and greit dout
Vnberyit was, voyd of all Sepulture.
That nane to bury them wald take the cure.

Our Nichtbours (Lord) hes mockit vs with
And leuch at vs with greit illuſioun: (ſcorne
Bot thow, gude (Lord) lat vs not be forlorne,
How lang ſall we remaine in confuſioun?
Will thow vs hald in thair abuſioun?
Vnto the end, ſall thy wraith burne as fyre?
Allace (gude Lord) remufe fra vs ſic yre

Rather caſt furth thy greif and cruelnes,
On wickit men, quhilk neuer will the knaw?
And Realmes miſknaw thy godlynes,
Not hauand E vnto thy godly Law,
For Jacob and his hous thay ſair ouerthraw,
And hes vs left all ſolpit into cair,
Beleuand for to bring vs to diſpair.

Avoyde (Lord) furth of thy remembrance?
Our ſinfull lyfe that we haue ſleipit in,
Our will ſall be thy mercy to aduanee,
For be the ſamin remittit is our ſin,
And as water that faſt rinnis ouer ane lin,
Dois not returne agane to the awin place

Sa thow gude Lord put our ſin from thy face.

Help vs gude Lord our gyde and Gouernour,
Delyuer vs for thy Names ſake glorious
Thow art our hope our help and Sauiour,
And als our ſinnis maiſt dangerous,
Dois put away, for that thow promeiſt vs,
Quhen we will turne to the with a trew hart,
And fra our ſinfull lyfe to the conuert.

For ſchaw thow not thy mercy in diſtres
Our Enemies ſall grow in tyrannie,
And ſall ſay God hes left vs merciles,
Bot thow gude Lord exerce thy crueltie,
Upon our fais that ſayis ſchamefully
Quhair is thair God in quhome thy did beleif;
He hes them left without help and releif.

The vengeance of the blude of thy ſeruandis,
Mot cum into thy preſence and thy ſycht,
The gretting of thy pure that art in bandis
In priſoun pynde, of day wantand the licht
The voice of them that to the deid are dicht,
Heir now (gude Lord) & help them in thair neid
And be thair ſtrenth at all times and remeid.

Rewaird thy fais according to thair wrang.
Seuin fald thair ſin gude Lord mot puneiſt be,
For thay haue blaſphemit all to lang
Speikand contrair thy godly Maieſtie

Bot

aue on mercie God of micht
Bot we thy pepill and ſcheip ſall Magnifie,
And als exalt thy laude, thy Name and glore
And ſall the loue for now and euer moir.

Finis

Miſerere mei Deus Pſal [illegible]

HAVe mercy on me God of micht
Of mercy Lord and King:
For thy mercy is ſet full richt
Aboue all eirdly thing
Thairfoir I cry baith day and nicht;
And with my hart ſall ſing:
To thy mercie with the will I go.

Haue mercy on me (O gude Lord)
Efter thy greit mercy:
My ſinfull lyfe dois me remords
Quhilk ſair hes greuit the:
Bot thy greit grace hes me reſtord.
Throw Chriſt to libertie.
To thy mercie with the will I go.
¶ Et ſecundum multitudinem,
Gude Lord I knaw my wickitnes.
Contrair to thy command
Rebelland ay with cruelnes,
And led me in ane band
To Sathan quha is merciles
Zit Lord heir me cryand
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Quhat tung can tell the multitude

Haue mercy on me God of micht
Lord of thy greit mercy,
Sen ſinnaris hes thy celſitude
Reſiſted cruellit,
Zit na ſinnar will thow ſeclude,
That this will cry to the,
To thy mery with the will I go.

Amplius laua me.

Thow wyſche me Lord quhen I was borne
From all my wickitnes.
Bot zit I did, throw ſin, forlorne,
Of heuin the richteouſnes
Weſche me againe and from thy horne,
Delyuer me in ſtres:
To thy mercy with the will I go

And fra my ſin thow make me clene,
As thow maide Dauid King:
With Peter Paull and Magdalen,
Quha now dois with the Reinge,
In heuinly ioy fair and amene:
And I ſall with them ſing,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Quoniam iniquitatem

Full weill I knaw my wickitnes,
And ſin contrarious:
Blaſphemit hes thy gentilnes,
With ſinn maiſt dangerous,
And hes me led in heuines
Zit to God maiſt gratious,
To thy mercy with the will I go.
I grant my ſinfull lyfe, did vſe,

In Senſualitie:
Zit thow gude Lord will nane refuſe,
That will come vnto the.
Heirfoir I ſcharplie me accuſe
Cryand for thy mercie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Tibi ſoli peccaui.

Only to the I did offend,
And mekill euill hes done
Throw quhilk appeirandlie defence
To me is nane abone:
Thus men will Judge thy iuſt vengeance,
Hes put me from thy throne,
Zit to thy mercy with the will I go:
Thocht thow gude Lord be iudgit thus,
Full fals and wrangouſlie,
O God, ſa gude and gracious,
Let thair iudgeing vincuſt be,
And ſchaw thy mercy plenteous,
Quhilk mot vs iuſtifie:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Conſauit into ſin I am,
My wickitnes thocht thow behald,
Quhilk I contractit of Adame,
Sinnand richt monyfald
My Mother als did eik the ſame,
And I to Sin was ſauld
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Bot zit the Lord Omnipotent,
My cairfull cace did cure.

[illegible]

At Font, quhen I was impotent,
Fragill, vaine, vylde and pure
Than helpit me that King Potent,
In my miſauenture
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Ecce enim veritatem

Behald thow luſis treuth gude Lord,
Thow art the verity:
This weill thy promeis can record
Quhair thow does it ſchaw to me,
The hid thingis of thy godly word,
That war vnſure to me.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Thow hecht to Abrahame anone,
Iſack his eldeſt Sone
Thow promeiſt als that Salomone,
Suld bruke King Dauids throne.
To ſinnaris als that callis the on,
Grace cummis from aboue.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Aſperges me,

With Iſope Lord thow ſprinkill me,
And then I ſall be clene,
And clenar then maid ſall I be,
Then euer ſnaw hes bene,
Yit of my clenes thy mercie
The rute is euer ſene:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

This Iſope is humility:
Richt law in all aſcence:

The ſnaw ſa quhyt in all degre,
Betakinnis Innocence.
For and thir twa do gouerne me,
I ſall do nane offence.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Audi tui meo dabis.

Than Ioy and myrth thow ſall giue me
Thy mercy quhen I heir:
My bandis law thow ſall releue,
And be my ſcheild and ſpeir:
Thy ſword alſo richt ſoir ſall greue
My Ennemies with feir.
To thy mercy with the will I go,

My hope and traiſt hes bene to lang
In mennis fals ſupplie,
Quhairfoir I grant I haue done wrang,
Not hopand help of the,
Bot now with ſtedfaſt faith I gang,
Unto thy Maieſtie,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Aduerte faciam tuam.

Fra my ſinnes aduert thy face,
My wickitnes expell
Sen I haue hopit in thy grace,
Thow ſaue me frome the hell,
Thy mercy is ſet in ſicker place
Na ſinner can repell.
To thy mercy with the will I go,

The theif that hang on thy richt hand,
And ſufferit with the deid:

Bu

Haue mercie on me God of micht
In the laſt hourt hy mercy fand
For ſin, the the haill remeid.
Siclyke gude Lord heir me cryand,
And help me in my neid,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Cor mundum

Thow creat in me (O God) ane hart,
Baith clene and innocent,
And lat me not from the depart,
My God Omnipotent.
Sen vnto the I ſchaw my ſmart,
Richt pure and indigent,
To thy mercy with the will I go,

Renew me with thy haly Spreit
To help my febilnes:
My teiris ſall my cheikis weit
For my greit ſinfulnes.
Bot thow gude Lord my comfort ſweit,
Expell my wickitnes.
To thy mercy with th will I go.

Ne proiicias me

O gude Lord caſt me not away,
From thy perfyte preſence:
Sen that I grant my ſinnes ay,
Hes done the greit offence
And I ſall prais baith nicht and day,
Thy greit Magnificence
To thy mercy witht the will I go.

Take not from me thy godlie Spreit
In my aduerſitie:

For

Haue mercie on me God of micht
For till my Saull it is full ſweit,
Quhen Sinne beſettis me.
And thow ſall make my Sall full meit,
Unto thy Maieſtie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.
redde mihi
Gif me the blyithnes and the bliſſe,
Of my ſweit Sauiour:
For throw his bitter deid I mis,
Of hell the dyntis dour
And in this mortall lyfe he is,
My ſtrang defence and tour.
To thy mercy with the will I go,

Conforme thy Spreit maiſt principall,
Into me throw thy grace:
For ſinne richt lang held me in thrall
And put me frome thy face,
Zit vnto the my Lord I call,
Into my heuie caſe,
To thy mercy with the will I go.
Docebo iniquos.
Than I ſall teiche the wickit men,
Thy wayis iuſt and richt:
And thay that did the lang miſken,
Sall knaw the God of mycht.
Quhen thay ſall ryſe furth of the den
Of ſin and come to licht,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

The ſinfull than to the reuart,
Sall into gudly haiſt.

And rew their ſinnis with their hart,
And thair auld lyfe deteſt
Vnto them Lord thow ſall conuert
Quhen they thy mercy taiſt
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Libera me

Delyuer me from bludee ſcheding,
For blude betakinnis Sin:
For puniſchment I ſerue conding.
Yit efter the I rin:
Grant me that may with the Reigne.
And at thy port get in.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Then ſall my tung thy richteouſnes
Extoll and Magnifie:
Quhen gane is my greit ſinfulnes,
And greit Iniquitie.
God for thy grace and gentilnes
Grant me thy greit mercy.
To thy mercy with the will I go,

My lippis Lord, than louſe thow ſall,
Quhilk cloſit lang haue bene:
From thy louing ſair, bound in thrall,
Brekand thy ſweit bidene,
And keip me from ane ſuddand fall,
For greit paine I ſuſtene,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

And than my mouth ſall do furth ſchaw
Thy louing gloriouſe:
And I ſall caus all ſinneris knaw,

Haue on me God of micht
Thy micht ſa meruellous.
And fra thyne furth ſall keip thy Law,
Quhilk is ſa preciuos
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Quoniam ſi voluiſſes.

Gif the had pleſit Sacrifice,
I ſuld them offerit the,
Bot thow wilt nocht ſic auarice,
For thow art wonder fre,
And geuis vs thy benefitis,
Throw Chriſtis blude frelie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Brint Sacrifice is na delyte,
Vnto thy Maieſtie:
Thow curis nocht of it ane myte,
For Syn to ſatiſfie,
For only Chriſt did make vs quyte,
Of all enormity.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Sacrificium Deo.

Ane Sacrifice to the pleſand
Is ane ſweit humbill hart,
Vnto the quhilk I vnderſtande,
Thow dois the haill conuert.
Thairfoir gude Lord lat thy command,
Na way fra me depart.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Ane contrite hart do not deſpyſe,
God for thy greit merey:
Sen for thy grace ſa oft it cryis,

For

Haue mercy on me God of micht
For ſuccour and ſupplie.
And it ſall thank ane thouſand ſyſe
Thy godly Maieſtie
To thy mercy with the will I go
Benigne fac Domine,
To Syon Lord, be gude agane,
Efter thy godly will.
And lat thy louing thair remaine
Thy promeis to fulfill,
For mont Sion with greit diſdaine,
In thrall is hidder till.
To thy mercy with the will I go.
Ieruſalem did get ane fall,
Hir wallis war made full law
For ſche miſkennit the God of all
And dayly brak his Law
But thow ſall put hir out of thrall
Quhen ſche her God dois knaw
To thy mercy with the will I go.
Tunc acceptabis
Than Sacrifice thow ſall accept
Of truth and richteouſnes,
Conforming to thy trew precept,
And to thy gentilnes.
For na man than ſall thow except
Vnto thair neid and ſtres.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Than Calfis and brint Sacrifice,
Thy aulter ſall repleit.
Than grettar gloir and benefice,

Thor

Thow ſall make for vs meit
Quhair day and nicht we ſall not ceiſe,
Ay ſingand with Sanctis ſweit,
To thy mercy with the will I go.
Finis.

¶ Beati omnes qui timent
Pſal Cxxviii

Bliſſit ar thay that ſittis in Goddis dreid,
And liue in his commandement alway.
Of thy hand labor thow ſall eit, be not feird
And fair weill thow ſall euerie day.

Thy wyfe ſalbe as ane frutfull wyne,
And ſall weill ay incres thy hous,
Thy bairnis all ſall to vertew inclyne
Lyke faire Oliue treis that be plenteous.

Quhen euer thow ſittis at thy Tabill
Thy barnis ſall ſtand round abound the,
Sa will the Lord make the abill,
And fill thy hous with honeſtie.

Sa ſall God him euer blis
That dreidis him ay in his leuing
Alway ſall he be ſicker of this
That is neidfull to want nathing.

Fra Syon ſall the Lord blis the,

That thow may ſe to thy greit weill,
How proſperous Jeruſalem ſall be,
And thow reſſauit to greit heill.

Ane profitabill lyke ſall be geuin the,
And God alway ſalbe thy freind,
Thy Childeris Chyldring thow ſall ſe,
And peace in Iſraell ſall thow finde.
Finis.

FOr luſe of one, I mak my mone,
Richt ſecrritly:
To Chriſt Jeſu, that Lord maiſt trew,
For his mercy.
Beſikand that he grant grace to me,
Or I be gone.
And to redres, my hauines,
And all my mone,
Or I be deid, ſend me remeid,
For thy pitie:
O Lord quhilk wrocht all thing of nocht,
Grant me thy mery.
We the beſeik, with wordis meik,
O mercyfull Lord,
Thy humbill word, with ane accord,
Lat be reſtoird.
To ſinnaris all quhen they do call,
For thy mercy.
For quhilk on the Rude, thow ſched thy blude,
Richt plenteouſlie.

Saint Johne did tell, thow heryit hell
And ſchew mercy
Ane thowſand ſcore thow did reſtoir
To thy glorie
O King of peace, in quhome is grace
Habouudantlie:
My miſerabill lyfe, and ſinnis ryfe,
Thow forgiue me.
Sen be no rycht, I haue no mycht
Me to defend.
Fra hellis pane, bot giue thow plane,
Me ſuccour ſend.
Be thy ſweit word to me o Lord,
In my diſtres
Ane thouſand ſyſe than ſall I pryſe,
Thy halynes:
Lat vs now ſing, and loue the King
For his greit mercie.
And his greit grace, ſchawin vs the ſpace,
Sa plentiouſlie.
With ane accord lat vs thank the Lord
Richt hartfully
with hart and Spreit, ſing Pſalmes ſweit,
Richt pleſandlie
As brether deir, in this lyfe heir
We may indure:
Baith nycht and day, to Chriſt lat vs pray
To mak vs ſure,

Finis

Quho is at my Window

QWho is at my windo, quho quho?
Go from my windo, go go.
Quha callis thair, ſa lyke ane ſtranger?
Go from my window go.

Lord I am heir ane wretchit mortall
That for thy mercie dois cry and call,
Vnto the my Lord Celeſtiall,
Se quho is at my window, quho,

How dar thow for mercie cry?
Sa lang in Sinne as thow dois ly,
Mercy to haue thow art not worthy,
Go from my window, go.

My gylt gude Lord I will refuſe?
And the wickit lyfe that I did vſe?
Traiſtand thy mercy ſalbe my excuſe,
Se quho is at my window, quho.

To be excuſit thow wald richt faine,
In ſpending of thy lyfe in vaine,
Hauing my Goſpeil in greit diſdane,
Go from my window, go.

O Lord I haue offended the,
Excuſe thairof thair can nane be,
I haue followit thame that ſa reichit me,
Se quho is at my window, quho;

Nay

Quho is at my Window

May I. call the nocht fra my dure I wis.
Lyke ane ſtranger that vnknawin is,
Thow art my brother, and my will it is,
In at my dure that thow go.

With richt humbill hart Lord I the pray
Thy comfort and grace obteine I may,
Schaw me the paith and redie way,
In, at thy dure for to go.

I am cheif gyde to riche and, pure
Schawand the path way richt to my dure,
I am thair comfort in euerie houre,
That in at my dure will go.

Bot they that walk ane vther way,
As mony did teiche from day to day,
They war Indurit my Goſpell did ſay,
And far from my dure ſall go.

O gratious Lord comfort of all wicht,
For thy greit power and cheife excelling micht,
Sen thow art gyde and verray licht,
In at thy dure lat me go.

Man I gaif the nocht fre will.
That thow ſuld my Goſpell ſpill,
Thow dois na gude bot euer ill,
Thairfoir from my dure that thow go,

Quho is at my Window

That will allace hes me begylit,
That will ſa farre hes me defylit
That will thy prſence hes me exylt,
Zit in at thy dure let me go.

To blame that will thow dois not richt,
I gaif the reſſoune quhairby thow mycht,
Haue knawin the day by the dark nycht,
In at my dour for to go.

O Lord, I pray the with all my hart
Of thy greit mercie remufe my ſmart,
Lat ane drope of thy grace be my part,
That in at thy dure I may go,

I haue ſpokin in my Scripture
I will the deid of na Creature.
Quha will aſk mercy ſall be ſure
In at my dure for to go.

O Lord quhais mercy is but end,
Quhairin ocht to the I did offend,
Grant me ſpace my lyfe to amend,
That in at thy dure I may go,

Remember thy ſin, and als thy ſmart
And als for the quhat was my part
Remember the ſpeir that thirlit my hart,
And in at my dure thow ſall go.

And it war zit to do agane
Rather or thow ſuld ly in paine
I wald ſuffer mair incertaine
That in at my dure thow mycht go,

I aſk na thing of the thairfoir
Bot lufe for lyf to ly in ſtoir.
Giue me thy hart I aſk no moir
And in at my dure thow ſall go

O gratious Lord Celeſtiall
As thow art Lord and King Eternall
Grant vs grace that we may enter all,
And in, at thy dure let me go,

Quho is at my windo quho,
Go from my windo go,
Cry no moir thair lyke ane ſtranger
Bot in at my dure thow go.

Finis

Deus miſereatur Pſal, lxvii.

O God be mercifull to vs,
And ſend to vs thy bliſſing.
Thy face ſchaw vs ſa glorious,
And be euer to vs luiſſing.
That men on eird may knaw thy way,
Thy ſauing heill and richteouſnes,
That they be nocht led nicht nor day

Fra thy preceptis and trew Iuſtice,
To ſeik Saluation quhair nane is.

Thairfoir the pepill micht Magnifie:
O God all folcke and honnour thy Name,
Let all the pepill reioyce glaidlie,
Becaus thow dois richt without blame,
The pepill dois thow Iudg trewly,
And ordouris euerie Natioun,
Thow hes declarit the eird iuſtlie,
Euer ſen the firſt Creatioun,
Throw thy godly prouiſioun.

The pepill man ſpread thy Name ſa hie,
All pepill (O God)man giue the honnour,
The eird alſwa richt plenteouſlie,
Mot increſſe euer moir and moir,
And God quhilk is our God ouir all,
Mot do vs gude and pleſour,
God mot blyſſe vs great and ſmall,
And all the warld him honnour,
Alway for his mycht and power.

Finis

IN till ane myrthfull Maij morning,
Quhen Phebus vp did ſpring,
walking I lay in ane garding gay,
Thinkand on Chriſt ſa fre.
Quhilk meikly for mankynde,
Tholit to be pynde,

On Croce cruelly La. La.
And how he hes me wꝛoucht,
And toꝛmit me of nocht,
Lyke his picture that Loꝛd maiſt ſure,
In eird he hes me ſuppoꝛt,
Syne me to hauld in richt,
Hes ſend ane Angell bricht,
To be my confoꝛt.

O Sathan fals vntrew,
Quhilk cruelly dois perſew,
With violence and greit defence,
In eird to tempt mankynde,
With cruell ſinnis ſeuin,
The Saull to gyde from heuin,
To hell foꝛ to be pynde, La. La.

Thairfoir (O gracious Loꝛd)
Quhilk mercy hes reſtoꝛde,
That ſinfull wicht, deſtroy his mycht,
Quhilk wirkis agains thy gloir,
And ſend thy gracious woꝛd,
Thy pepill may be reſtoꝛid,
We pꝛay the thairfoir. La La.

Finis

All my hart ay this is my ſang,
with dowbill mircht and ioy amang:
Sa blyth as bird my God to ſang,
Chriſt hes my hart ay.

Ilith

All myne hart ay this

Quha hes my hert bot heuinnis King
Quhailk cauſis me for Joy ſing
Quhome that I lufe attour all thing
Chriſt hes my hert ay.

He is fair ſober and bening
Sweit meik and gentill in all thing
Maiſt worthieſt to haue louing
Chriſt hes my hert ay,

For vs that blyſſit barne was borne
For vs he was baith rent and torne
For vs he was Crowned with thorne
Chriſt hes my hart ay

For vs he ſched his precious bludde
For vs he was naillit on the Rude
For vs he in mony battell ſtude
Chriſt hes my hert ay

Nixt him to lufe his mother fair
With ſtedfaſt hert for euer mair
Scho bure the byrth fred vs frome cair
Chriſt hes my hart ay.

We pray to God that ſittis aboue
Fra him lat neuer our hart remufe
Nor for no ſuddand warldlie lufe,
Chriſt hes my hart ay.

He ſ

My lufe murnis for me

He is the lufe of ſuifferis all.
He cummis on him quhen we call
For vs he drank the bitter gall
Chriſt hes my hart ay.

Finis.

My lufe murnis for me for me.
My lufe that murnis for me
I am not kynde hes not in mynde
My lufe that murnis for me.

Quha is my lufe bot God aboue
Quhilk all this warld hes wrocht
The King of blis my lufe he is
Full deir he hes me boith

His precious blude he ſched on Rude,
That was to mak vs fre
This ſall I preue be Goddis leue
That ſair my lufe murnis for me

This my lufe come frome aboue
And borne was of ane maid
For to fulfill his Fatheris will
Till fill furth that he ſaid

Mann haue in mynde and thow be kynde,
Thy lufe that murnis for the
How he on Rud did ſched his blude
From Sathan to make vs fre,

Finis

Tell me now

TEll me now and in quhat wyſe,
How that I ſuld my lufe forga,
Baith day and nicht ane thouſand ſyſe,
Thair tyrannis waikinnis me with wa.

At midnicht myrke they will vs take,
And into preſoun will vs fling,
Thair mon we ly quhill we forſake,
The Name of God quhilk is our King.

Than Faggottis man we burne or beir,
Or to the deid they will vs bring,
It dois them guide to do vs deir,
And to confuſioun vs down thring,

Allace zour grace hes done greit wrang,
To ſuffer tyrannis in ſic ſort,
Daylie zour lieges till ouergang,
That dois bot Chriſtis word report.

Chriſt ſen zour grace wald cry ane cry,
Out throw the Realme of all Scotland,
The man that wald lyue faithfully,
Ze wald him ſuffer in the land.

Than ſould we owther do or die,
Or els our lyfe we ſould lay for it,
And euer to liue in Cheritie,
Be Chriſt Ieſu quhilk is our Lord,

Pluk

Pluke vp zour hartis and make zow bowne,
For Chriſtis word ſe ze ſtand for it,
Thair crueltie it ſall come downe,
Be Chriſt Jeſus quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of gloir graunt vs thy bliſſe,
Send vs ſupport and comforting,
Agains our fais that bliſſie is,
That ſchiepes to ſtroy baith auld and zoung.

In houre of deid, graunt vs thy ſtrenght
Staidly to thoill thair crueltie,
And that we may with the at lenth,
Reſſaue thy ioy Eternally.

Finis

Magnificat anima mea.

My Saull dois Magnifie the Lord,
My Spreit reioyicis gretumlie:
In God my Sauiour and in his word,
For he hes ſene the law degre,
Of me, his handmaiden, trewlie,
Behauld now efter this day,
All generations ſall ſpeik of me,
And call me bliſſit, alway,

For he that is only of micht.
Hes done greit thingis vnto me,
And haly is his Name be richt,

My Saull dois magnifie the Lord
As for his endles mercie
It induris perpetually
In euerie generatioun
And thay that dreidis him vnfenzeitlie
Without diſſimulatioun

He ſchawis ſtrenth with his arme potent
Declairis him ſelf to be of power
He ſcatteris all men of proud intent.
Euin for thair wickit behauiour.
Quhilk reignis in thair hartis euerie hour
He puttis down the michtie
From thair hie eſtait and greit honour,
Excelling thame of law degrie

The hungrie he feidis with gude
And lattis the riche ga emptie
Quhen his awin pepill wantis fude
It thinkis vpon his greit mercie
And helpis his ſeruandis ane and all,
Euin Iſraell he hes promeſit:
And to our Fatheris perpetuall
Abraham and to his ſeid.

Finis

Chriſti qui lux

Chriſt thow art the licht, bot and the day.
The mirknes of yͤ nicht thow puttis away
We knaw thow art the verie lycht

That

Chriſt thow art the licht
That ſchynis to vs baith day and nicht.

O haly Lord we the beſeik,
This nicht vs to defend and keip,
Thy reſt and peace be with vs all,
Let neuer na euill thing vs befall,

Na heuy ſleip nor deidly ſinne,
Let not our Enemies vs ouercome,
Nor ȝit our fleſche giue na conſent,
Grant vs our faultis for to repent.

Lord let our eine ſumme ſleip to take,
Our hartis all tyme on the may waik,
Thy richt hand keip vs fra all euill,
Thy awin ſeruand that luffis the weill,

Our defendar to the we pray,
All yre and malice thow put vs fra
Thy ſeruandis gouerne in the ſteid,
For quhais ranſoun thow did ſair bleid,

Haue mynd on vs thow Lord Ieſew,
In this fals warld that is vntrew,
Thow art defendar of our Saull:
Lord heir vs quhen we on the call.

Gloir be to God Father of mycht,
And to Chriſt Ieſus his Sone ſa bricht,
The haly Gaiſt that is ſa fair,

Beis

Chriſt is the only Sone of God

Keip vs this nicht and euer moir.
Finis

Chriſt is the only Sone of God,
The Father Eternall,
we haue in Ieſſe found the rode,
God and man naturall
He is the morning Star.
His bemis ſend he hes out far
Be zonde vther ſternis all.

He was for vs ane man borne
In the laſt part of tyme
Zit keipit ſcho hir maidenheid vnforlone
His Mother that bure him ſyne,
He hes hellis zettis brokin,
And heuin he hes maide oppin
Bringand vs lyfe agane.

Thow only maker of all thing,
Thow euerlaſtand lycht,
From end to end all rewling,
Be thy awin godly micht,
Turne thow our hartis vnto the
And lichtin thame with the veritie.
That are far from the richt.

Lat vs incres in lufe of the.
And in knawledge alſo,
That we beleuing ſtedfaſtlie,

May in Spreit ſerue the ſo
That we in hartis may ſauour,
Thy mercy and thy fauour
And traiſt efter no mo.

awake vs Lord we pray the
The haly Spreit vs giue,
Quhilk may our auld man mortify.
That our new man may leue,
Sa will we alwayis thank the
That ſchawis vs ſa greit mercy
And our ſinnis dois forgeue.

Finis

Chriſt Jeſus is ane A. per C.
And peirles Prince of all mercy,
For he fra me my ſin hes tane,
And is my Sauiour allane.

To ſaue bot he nane is nor ſall,
I out take nane greit nor ſmall,
To him is na compariſoun.
He is my Sauiour allane.

I ſall him luſe with ſtedfaſt hart
And for na caus fra him depart
Bot him to ſerue me I diſpone,
As to my Sauiour allone.

Sa on his grace I will depend,
Quhill Lacheſis draw my lyfe till end,,
Syne leif my Saull quhen I am gone.

Allone I weip in greit diſtres
To Reigne with thrinfald God in one

Finis

Alone I weip in greit diſtres
We are exilit remediles
And wait not quhy:
Fra Goddis word allace, allace
Wncourteſlie
Quhair that we ſuld, glaidlie behald
Our Sauiour baith zoung and auld,
Sa pleſandlie.
Now ar we baneiſt mony fauld.
Wncourteſlie.
Thay may our body fra the bind.
Sa can thay not our hartis, and mynde,
Fixit on the.
Howbeit we be with dolour pyndē,
Maiſt cruellie:
O Antichriſt we may the call,
From Goddis word wald gar vs fall,
Thy crueltie
Wald beneis vs from pleſouris all,
Uncourteſlie.
Induirit Ignorance hes ſlaine,
Thy hart and put vs to greit paine,
Quhat remedie.
Sen we ar baneiſt from Chriſt allaine,
Vncourteſlie.
Finis

The Lord ſayis I will ſchaw

THe Lord ſayis I will ſchaw
My will and eik my mynde
Mark weill my Scripture and my Law,
Quhairin that thow ſall finde,
That with my Faith I make ane vow
And knittis it with ane knot:
The treuth is ſo, I lufe the now.
Be war I hait the not.

It was my Fatheris will.
That I ſuld take the cure,
For to come downe in eirth the till,
And take thy vylde nature,
To cleith my precious bodie pure,
Sa clene from ſin and ſpot:
For lufe of the I make the ſure,
Be war I hait the not.

I fand the loſt from blis,
Throwch Adamis ſin and pleid:
And quha ſa euer wrocht the mis,
Was nane could find remeid.
Quhill I my ſelfe did choſe the deid,
To ſaif the from the pot,
I lufe the weill, ſerue me in dreid,
Be war I hait the not.

For all the greuous ſorrowis ſoir:
I ſufferit and paine,
To my rewaird I aſke no moir,

Th Lord ſays I will ſchaw
Bot thy trew luſe agane.
I am ane huſbandman but weir,
Quhilk labours for my lot.
I luie the weill I mak the ſure,
Be war I hait the not.

My zock is wounder ſweit,
And als my burding licht,
And all that be with my grace repleit,
Sall go the way full richte
I am the rute of all mercy,
Quhilk neuer ſall fade nor rot..
Sen nane the luiffit ſa weill as I
Be war I hait the not.

All ze that ſair dois thriſt,
Throwch bruklines of the fleſche
Come vnto me quhen that ze liſt,
I ſall zour Saulis refreſche,
Call vpon me and I ſall heir,
And ſaif the from the ſchot,
I luſe the weill, I coft the deir,
Be war I hait the not.

Attend and take gude keip,
To tham that cummis to the,
Into the habite of ane ſcheip,
With ſubtill Sermonis ſlie:
For doutles thay war inwartly,
Fals wolfis vnder cote.

Heirin

Renunce thair Lawes and cum to me
Trewlie I hait the not,

Na man ſall come to me,
Except my Father him draw:
Nor ſe my Father in heuin ſa hie,
Bot by me and my Law.
Quhairfoir O man prent in thy mynde,
Thir wordis and this knot:
And wirk as my word dois the bind,
Be war I hait the not.

Finis

GRyuous is my ſorrow,
Baith euin and morrow,
Unto my ſelfe allone:
Thus Chriſt makis his mone,
Saying, vnkyndnes hes killit me,
And put me to this paine:
Allace quhat remidie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

My Father was ſa mouit,
And with mankynde ſa greuit
Man was ſa wylde and nyſe,
And rageing in all vice,
That deſtroyit he ſuld be,
Than for man I tuke paine
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald not refraine.

Than furthwith foꝛ his ſaik,
I did his nature take
Within ane Virgin pure,
As ſchawis my Scripture,
Quhais vnkyndnes dois keill me
And puttis me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
Foꝛ I wald nocht refraine.

Quhen I was bot ane Chylde,
With my Mother maiſt mylde,
The Iewis did me diſpyſe,
And euer mair ſurmyſe,
With vnkyndnes to keill me,
And put me to greit paine,
Allace quhat remedie,
Foꝛ I wald not refraine.

Thay lykit nocht my leuing,
Pꝛaying, faſting, noꝛ repꝛeuing,
Foꝛ quhen that thay did ſleip,
Than did I ſich and weip,
That vnkyndnes ſuld keill me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie.
Zit wald I not refraine.

Than at the laſt they tuke me,
And all my freindis foꝛſuke me,
Bot my deir Mother allone,

And my couſing Sanct Johne,
Till vnkyndnes had killit me
And put me to this paine,
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I not refraine.

First I was betin lang,
With ſcourgis ſcharp and ſtang
And as ane fule mockit,
Euill tochit and rockit,
Till vnkyndnes ſuld kell me,
And put me to that paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
I thocht not to refraine.

Than to ane Croce on hie,
Thay naylit my bodie:
And ſyne betwene twa theifis,
Thay did me monie greuis,
Till vnkyndnes did kell me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
I thocht not to refraine.

And quhen I waxit dry,
And for drink lang did cry
My comfort was bot ſmall,
To ſup the bitter gall,
With vnkyndnes they ſeruit me,
And put me to greit paine.

Greuous is my ſorrow
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I not refraine.

Thus had I neuer reſt,
Bot with panis oppreſt
And with ane ſpeir full ſcharp,
Thay perſit my tender hart.
Sa that vnkyndnes keillit me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I not refraine.

For this my greit kyndnes,
Me think of right doutles
Mannis Sauil ſuld loue me beſt.
Sen it my deid hes dreſt,
Quhais vnkyndnes dois keill me
And puttis me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie
I thocht not to refraine,

Gif ony ane be heir,
That will by luf ſa deir,
Nocht with ſiluer nor golde,
Bot with my blude beholde
Thy vnkyndnes hes ſlaine me,
And put me to this paine,
Behald this precious bodie
Thus moſt vnkyndly ſlaine,

Greiuous is my ſorrow

O man quhome I create,
Quhy art thow ſa ingrate
Seing how I am ſpilt
All onelie for thy gilt
And with vnkyndnes dois kill me,
And put me to this paine,
Zit all thy villany
Can nocht make me refraine.

Quhat ſorrow culd be moir,
Than to ſuffer ſo ſoir,
Of them that knew my Lawis
And wiſt I gaue na caus,
Vnkyndly thus to keill me,
And put me to that paine
Allace quhat remedie
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Father forgeue Caiphas,
Pylate Anna and Iudas
Pardon all Iurie,
That cryit Crucifige,
Thocht vnkyndly ze ſlew me,
And put me to this paine:
Zit thair was na remedy
For I will nocht refraine.

My Saull in thy handis fre
My laſt will ſall be,
O Father I commit

Will

Into thy handis my Spreit,
Thocht vnkyndly I die
And am put to greit piane,
Zit for mans remedie,
I ſall ryſe vp agane,

I leif in Teſtament,
My body in Sacrament,
For mannis Saull to ſupport,
And be his cheif comfort.
Thocht man vnkyndly haue left me,
And ſlew me with greit paine,
Thair is na remedie,
My hart will nocht refraine.

So hart I the be quyeth
To her that was my deith,
Mannis Saull is ſcho trewly,
My hart hir hart ſall be,
Thocht ſcho maiſt vnkyndly ſlew me,
And put me to greit paine:
Zit thair is na remedie,
My hart will nocht refraine.

The laudis of the Lord trewly.
Ze may ſing merely,
For all our Saulis helth,
In euerlaſting welth,
Thocht vnkyndly ze ſlew my bodie,
And did put me to paine,

Ze may perſaue dayly
My lufe dois nocht refraine.

My Tumbe is freſche and now
In ſauing I wan trew,
To put mankynde fra dout
Thair ſall be written about
The Iewis King heir dois ly,
Quhome vnkyndnes hes ſlaine
And ſocht na remedie,
For he wald nocht refraine.

O Father Imperiall,
I pray the in ſpeciall,
My deith mannis Saull forgiue
In heuin with me to leue
Thocht vnkyndly ſcho keillit me
I wald ſcho had na paine,
For I had leuer die
For hir ſaik anis agane.

Ane gentill admonitioun of Chriſt

* All pepill leirne of me,
Gentilnes and pietie,
Remember my ſober bodie,
Sa woundit and bludie,
Keill na man vnkyndly,
With ſclander nor with paine:
Amend zour faultis dayly,
And from all vyce refraine.

Finis

Iohne come kis me now

IOhne cum kis me now.
Iohne cum kis me now:
Iohne cum kis me by and by,
And mak no moir a dow
The Lord thy GOD I am,
That Iohne dois the call,
Iohne repreſentis man,
By grace Celeſtiall.
For Iohne Goddis grace it is,
Quha liſt till expone the ſame:
Och Iohne thow did amis,
Quhen that thow loiſt this name,
Heuin and eirth of nocht
I made thame for thy ſaik.
For euermoir I thocht
To my lyknes the make,
In Paradyce I plantit the,
And made the Lord of all,
My Creatouris not forbidding the.
Nathing bot ane of all:
Thus wald thow not obey,
Nor ʒit follow to my will,
Bot did caſt thy ſelf away.
And thy poſteritie ſpill.
My iuſtice condampnit the
To euer laſting paine
Man culd find na remedie,
To by man fre agane,
O puir lufe and meir mercy,
Myne awin Sone downe I ſend,

God

Iohne cyme kis me now

God become man for the,
For thy Sinne his lyfe did ſpend,
Thy attenement and peace to make,
He ſched his blude maiſt haly:
Suffering death for thy ſaik,
Quhat culd he do moir for the?
It pleſit Chriſt without deſart,
For his Enemie to die,
Suffering a ſpeir to peirs his hart,
The caus was thy folly.
Beleue this, Repent thy ſin,
His deith haue euer in mynde,
Remiſſioun of ſin, lyes onlie thairin.
To thy Lord be neuer vnkynde.
Quhen he aſcendit he left behinde,
His word to reid and hier.
Quhen Antichriſt wald the blynde,
That thow ſuld giue him na eir.
Bot quhen Sathan was lowſit out of hell
And had ſet man in my place,
All that he did thow thocht it weill,
At him thow ſought for grace.
Na thing regairding how of me,
All thing had thair Creatioun,
Nor zit quhat Chriſt ſufferit for the.
To redeme the from damnatioun.
Bot the abhominatioun of deſolatioun;
Thow ſettis in the haly place,
Be Antichriſtis fals perſwaſioun,
My Sonnis paſſioun to deface,

[illegible]

Iohne come kis me now

Quhairfoir my iuſtice mouit me
My word fra the reſtraine,
And to thy luſt to giue vp the
To traiſt in thingis vaine.
In mannis warkis than thow did traiſt
Seking helth thow wiſt not quhair
At thy deith thow did miſtraiſt
And ſa fell in diſpair. O ii.
Quhen I did draw ony to me
My Goſpell to profes
Thow did thame ſlay richt cruelly
Thinkand to do me ſeruice,
Thy ſeruice ſall rewardit be
with euerlaſting paine
And all that hait my word and me
Except thay do abſteine.
Thus quhen thow was in dangerous cace,
Reddie to ſynke in Hell
Of my mercy and ſpeciall grace
I ſend the my Goſpell.
My Prophetis call, my Preicheours cry
Iohne cum kis me now,
Iohne cum kis me by and by
And mak no moir a dow.
Ane Spreit I am incorporate
Na mortall E can me ſe
Zit my worde dois intimate
Iohne how thow muſt kis me.
Repent thy Sin vnfenzeitlie
Beleue my promeis in Chriſtis deith.

This

Lord lat me neuer be confoundit
This kis of Faith will iuſtifie the,
As my Scripture plainely ſaith,
Mak na delay. cume by and by.
Quhen that I do the call
Leiſt deith do ſtryke the ſuddantly,
And ſa come not at all.
Gif thow come nocht quhil thow hes ſpace
Bot my Goſpell dois contempne,
I will take frome the my grace,
and my word the condempne.
Of all that cume I will nane eiect
Na creature greit nor ſmall,
For Chriſtis ſaith I will thame accept
And gif thame lyfe Eternall.
Finis

In te Domine ſperaui Pſal. xxxi

LOrd lat me neuer be confoundit
That fyrmly dois confyde in the
Bot lat thy iuſtice ay be groundit
With mercy to delyuer me.

Inclyne thy rewthfull Eires in tyme
To me that am in miſerye
And from all ſort of ſin and cryme,
Thow blyſſit Lord delyuer me.

Be my defendar GOD of grace,
My gyde, my gouernour all thrie

Lord lat me neuer be confoundit
And in thy heuinly dwelling place,
Of all refuge thow ſuccour me,

For ſen thow art my ſtrenth and force
My hope ſupport and haill ſupply
Be thy ſweit Name and deid on Croce
Thow ſall vp bring and nouriſche me..

Thow ſall me gyde from gyrne and ſnare
And hyd in Secreit quhair nane may ſe
For thow art keipar lait and air.
Protectour and defence of me,;

My Spreit I rander in thy handis
Eternall GOD of Veritie,
Quhilk hes from baillfull Baliallis handis:
Redemed and delyuerit me.

Finis

GO Hart vnto the Lampe of Licht
Go harte do ſeruice and honnour,
Go harte and ſerue him day and nicht
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

Go hart to thy onely Remeide
Deſcending from the heuinly Toure
The to delyuer from pyne and deid
Go harte vnto my Sauiour.

Go harte but diſſimulatioun

To Chriſt that tuke our vylde nature:
For the to ſuffer paſſioun.
Go hart vnto my Sauiour.

Go hart richt humbill and meik
Go hart as leill and true ſeruiture,
To him that haill is for all ſeike,
Go hart vnto my Sauiour.

Go hart with trew and haill intent
To Chriſt thy help and haill ſuccour,
The to redeme he was all rent.
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

To Chriſt that rais from deid to lyue,
Go hart vnto my latter houre
Quhais greit mercy can nane deſcryue
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

Finis

OWr brother lat vs put in graue
And na dout thairof lat vs haue
Bot he ſall ryſe on Domiſday
And haue Immortall lyfe for ay.

He is of eird and of eird maid
And man returne to eird throw deid
Syne ryſe ſall fra the eird and ground
Quhen that the laſt trumpet ſall ſound

Our brother lat vs put in graue
The ſaull regnis with God in gloir
And he ſall ſuffer paine no moir
For caus his Faith was conſtantly
In Chriſtis blude allanerlye.

His painefull pilgrimage is paſt
And till ane end cummit at the laſt
Dieand in Chriſtis zock full ſweit,
Bot zit is liuand in his Spreit,

The Saull leuis with God I ſay
The bodie ſleipis quhill Domiſday
Than Chriſt ſall bring them baith to gloir,
To reigne with him for euermoir

In eird he hes vexatioun
Bot now he hes Saluatioun
Regnand in gloir and blis but weir
And ſchynis as the ſons ſa cleir.

Ze faitfull thairfoir lat him ſleip
And nocht lyke Hethin for him weip
Bot deiply prent into zour breiſt
That deid to vs approchis neiſt

Quhen cumming is our hour and tyme
Than we man turnitbe in ſlyme
And thair is nane vther defence
Bot die in hope with pacience.
Thocht peſt or ſword wald vs preuent

Befoir

Our brother lat vs put in graue
Befoir our hour to ſlay vs clene,
Thay can nocht pluke ane litill haire,
Furth of our heid, nor do vs deir.

Quhen fra this warld to Chriſt we wend
Our wratchit ſchort lyfe man haue ane end:
Change it fra paine and miſerie,
To laſtand gloir Eternally.

And ſall our dayes ſchort ond vaine,
And ſin quhilk we culd nocht refraine,
Endit ſall be our Pilgrimage,
And brocht hame to our Heritage.

Chriſt for thy micht and Celſitude
That for our ſinnes ſched thy blude,
Graunt vs in Faith to liue and die.
And ſyne reſſaue our Saulis to the.
Finis

MUſing greatly in my mynde,
The follie that is in mankynde:
Quhilk is ſa brukill and ſa blinde,
f iiii.
And downe ſall cum downe ay downe ay.

Leuand maiſt part in all vice,
Nouther ſa gratious, nor ſa wyſe,
As out of wratchitnes to ryſe,
Bot downe to cum downe ay downe ay.

And all this warld to weild thow had,

Muſing greitly in mynde
Thy body perfyte and properly maid:
Zit man as flour thow ſall fade, and downe &c.

Thocht thow war euer Eternall,
As man that neuer ſuld haue ane fall
Zit dontles die thow ſall. and downe ſall &c.

Thocht thow war man neuer ſa thrall,
Remeber zit that die thow ſall
Quha hieſt climmis gettis greteſt fall,
and downe ſall cum downe ay downe ay.
Thocht thow war neuer of ſa grit degre,
In riches or in dignity
Remember man that thow mon die,
and downe ſall &c.
Thair is na King nor Emperiour,
Duke, nor Lord of grit valure,
Bot he ſall faid as lely flour,
and downe ſall &c.
Quhair is Adame and Eue his wyfe,
And Hercules, with his lang ſtryfe
And Matuſſalem with his lang lyfe,
Thay all ar cum downe ay downe ay.
Finis

PRAY God for grace, my lufe maiſt deir,
Quhilk bocht vs with his precious blude,
That we him lufe with hart inteir,
In welth and want, be land and flude.

Ask and haue (ſayis the Lord)

Als geue, and geuin ſall be to zow,
Quhat ſweitar thing can we recorde.
Nor thy word Chriſt firmely to trow.

Traiſt we alſwa baith air and lait,
With faithfull hope and aſperance
We ſall receaue efter our ſtait,
All Juſt deſyre but diſcrepance.

Thairfoir I think we ſuld reioyis,
And now greit myrthis mak from the ſplene,
Sen we are choſin to repoyis
In Faith of, Chriſt and lyfe ſerene.

Chriſt our olney ſuccour in diſtres,
Intill his grace quha dois confyde,
His grace, till him will ay increſſe,
Quhen warldly traiſt will faill at neid.
Finis

Downe be zon Riuer I ran,
Downe be zon Riuer I ran.
Thinkand on Chriſt ſa fre
That boght me to liberty.
And I ane ſinfull man.

Quha ſuld be my luif bot he.
That hes onely ſauit me,
And be his deith me wan:
On the Croce ſa cruelly,
Ly

He ſched his blude aboundantly,
And all for the lufe of &c.
How ſuld we thank thatt Lord.
That was ſa miſericorde,
Be quhome all grace began
With cruell paine and ſmart,
He was perſit throw the hart,
And all for the &c.
That gaue him in the Iewis handis,
To brek bailfull Baliallis bandis,
Firſt quhen he began:
Thair gaue him ſelf to die
To mak vs Catiues fre.
Remember ſinfull man.
Thay ſpittit in his Face
All for our lufe, allace:
That Lord he ſufferit than,
The cruell panis of deid,
Quhilk was our haill remeid,
Remember &c.
Loue we that Lord allone,
Quhilk deit on the throne,
Our ſinnis to refraine:
Prais him with all our micht,
Sing till him day and nicht,
The gloir of God and man.
Do all that thow art abill,
Zit thbw art vnprofitabill,
Do all that thow can,
Except thow weſchin be,

With Chriſtis blude alſauerly,
Thow art condampnit man
And ſa I make ane ende.
Chriſt graunt vs all to kend,
And ſtedfaſt to remaine
Into Chriſtis paſſioun,
Our only Saluatioun,
And in nane vther man.

Finis

VVIth heuy hart full of diſtres,
Lamenting my grit ſinfulnes,
To the O Lord quha may me cure
Haue rewth on me thy Creature.]

The ſeiknes that is in my fleſche,
Thow may it Lord allone diſpeſche,
And purgit cleine and make it pure
And ſaue me thy Creaturs.

For in this ſeiknes I was borne,
And my forbearis me beforne
Our ſeiknes on thy back thow bure,
To ſaue me Lord thy Creature.

This ſeiknes Lord it is the Sin,
That I was borne and gottin in,
Proceiding of my vylde nature,
Zit ſaif me ſinfull Creature.

Thow may me ſaif, thow may me ſpill,
Baith lyfe and deid lyis in thy will,
Thow art the Chirurgiane ſure
That haillis all erdly Creature.

Lord thair is na Saluatioun,
Bot in thy bliſſit Paſſioun,
As witnes beiris the trew Scripture
Thow ſaifis all eirdly Creature.

And for the ſame to mak remeid
Thow ſuſſeit nocht to ſuffer deid
And mekill mair thow did indure,
Zit ſaif me ſinfull Creature.

To the O Lord thairfoir I call
For thy remeid and euer ſall
Quhill I be layde in Sepulture,
To ſaif thy ſinfull Creature,

For all thy trubill and the paine
I neuer wroucht ſa gude agane,
Bot was vnthankfull ſeruiture
Haue reuth on me thy Creature.

Swa only thow gude Lord of peace,
I me ſubmit into thy grace.
For of my ſeiknes thow may cure,
and ſaif thy ſinfull Creature.

Finis

Welcome Lord Chriſt

VElcome Lord Chriſt, welcome agane;
My ioy my comfort and my blis:
That culd me ſaif from hellis paine;
Bot only thow, nane was nor is.

Thairfoir I may richt baldly ſay,
Geue Chriſt the quhilk hes me redreſt,
Be on my ſyd quhilk hes done pay,
My ranſoun quha can me moleſt.

Sen Chriſt now hes maid me at one,
With God the Father and did die
To mak me iuſt to gloir is gone:
Than quhat ar they can condampne me:

Was neuer nane to me mair kynde
Nor Chriſt thairfoir I will him praiſe,
Only with Saull body and mynde,
My hope and traiſt haill in him lyis.

Bot that quhilk Scripture hes expreſt,
Ane Sacrifice, Chriſt anis thairfoir,
Offerit to God quhilk ſmellit beſt,
For my treſpas, I ſeik no moir.

My part is than from Sin to ceis,
And cleue to Chriſt quhilk hes ſuppreſt
Sin deith and hell, and maid my peace.
Throw Faith in him that I micht reſt.

Finis

O Chriſt quhilk ar the licht

O Chriſt quhilk art the licht of day,
The Clude of nicht thow dryuis away,
The beame of gloir beleuit richt,
Schawand till vs thy perfyte licht,

This is na nycht as naturall,
Nor zit na clude materiall,
That thow expellis, as I heir ſay,
O Chriſt quhilk art the licht of day.

This nicht I call Idolatrie,
The clude ouerſpred, Hypocriſie,
Send from the Prince of all vnricht.
O Chriſt for till obſcure thy licht.

Quhilk twa hes had dominioun
Lang ledand to diſtruction
The maiſt pairt of this warld aſtray,
Fra Chriſt quhilk is the licht of day.

Turnand till Goddis Infinite,
Puttand thair hope and thair delyte.
In warkis inuentit with the ſlicht,
Of Sathan contrair to thy licht.

Sum maikis Goddis of ſtock and ſtaine,
Sum makis Goddis of Sanctis baine,
Quhilk war thay leuand heir wald ſay,
Idolateris do way do way,
To vs giue neuther land nor gloir.

O fulis gif ze ſpeir quhairfoir,
We had na thing throw our awin micht.
Bot all we had throw Chriſt our licht.

To that exempill ſall be Paull,
At Liſtra. quha refuſit all,
Maner of gloir, and this did ſay
Geue gloir to Chriſt the licht of day.

Geue nane to vs we are bot men,
Mortall as ze, zour ſelfis may ken,
O fulis, quhairfoir take ze flicht,
Runnand fra Chriſt the perfyte licht.

Sum makis Goddis of Frieris Caip,
Thay monſtouris mot in gallous gaip,
For thay haue led vs lang aſtray.
Fra Chriſt quhilk is the licht of day.

Sum mumlit aueis, ſum craknit Creidis,
Sum makis Goddis of thair Beidis,
Quhilk wait nocht quhat thay ſing nor ſay,
Allace this is ane wrangous way.

Finis

VIth huntis vp, with huntis vp,
It is now perfyte day
Ieſus our King, is gane in hunting,
Quha lykis to ſpeid thay may.

Ane curſit Fox, lay hid in Rox,

This lang and mony ane day,
Deuouring ſcheip, quhilk he micht trey,
Nane micht him ſchaip away.

It did him gude to laip the blude.
Of ȝoung and tendder Lammis
Nane culd him mis, for all was his,
The ȝoung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Chriſt, that huntis in haiſt,
The hundis ar Peter and Paull,
The Paip is the Fox Rome is the Rox,
That rubbis vs on the gall

That cruell beiſt he neuer ceiſt,
Be his vſurpit power,
Vnder diſpence to get our penneis,
Our Saullis to deuouir

Quha could deuiſe ſic merchandiſe,
As he had thair to ſell,
Onles it war Proud Lucifer,
The greit Maiſter of Hell.

He had to ſell the Tantonie bell,
And Pardons thairin was,
Remiſſioun of ſinnis in auld ſcheip ſkinnis,
Our Saullis to bring from grace.

With Bullis of leid, quhyte wax and reide,

And vther quhylis with grene,
Cloſit in ane box: this vſit the Fox,
Sic peltrie was neuer ſene.

With diſpenſationis and obligatiouns,
Accordiug to his Law:
He wald diſpens for money from hence,
With thame he neuer ſaw.

To curs and ban the ſempill pure man,
That had nocht to fle the paine,
Bot quhen he had payit all to ane myte,
He mon be obſoluit than,

To ſum God wait he gaue tot quot,
And vther ſum plurality,
Bot firſt with penneis he mon diſpens,
Or els it will nocht be.

Kingis to marie, and ſum to tarie,
Sic is his power and micht,
Quha that hes gold with him will he holde,
Thocht it be contrare all richt.

O bliſſit Peter, the Fox is ane lier,
Thow knawis weill it is nocht ſa,
Quhill at the laſt, he ſalbe downe caſt,
His peltry pardons and all.

Finis

Baneiſt is Faith

Baneiſt is Faith now euery quhair,
And ſair forthinkes me,
Baneiſt is Faith now euery quhair,
Be the ſchauin ſort I zow declair,
Allace thairfoir my hart is ſair,
And blyth I can nocht be.

Quhair we war wont to go richt glaid,
Furth of Captiuity.
Quhair we war wont to go richt glaid,
Now haue they vs with chargis ouerlaid
Quhilk bene ſa dampnabill and ſa ſad
That blyth we can nocht be.

Thay keip the key from vs allace,
Quhairby enter ſuld we,
Thay keip the key from vs allace
And puttis vs downe all mercyles,
We ar ouerthrawin in euery place,
That blyth we can nocht be.

Ryſe vp I pray the now ſweit Lord,
And from thair crueltie,
Ryſe vs I pray the now ſweit Lord;
Defend vs according to thy worde,
Or we ſall periſche be fire and ſword,
That ſchawis the verity.

Finis

Muſing greitlie in my minde

Muſing greitly in my mynde,
The cruell Kirkmen in thair kynde,
Quhilk bene indurit and ſa blinde,
And trowis neuer to cum downe,

Thocht thow be Paip or Cardinall,
Sa heich in thy Pontificall.
Reſiſt thow God that creat all,
Than downe thow ſall &c.
Thocht thow be Archebiſcop or Deane,
Chantour, Chanſlair or Chaplane
Reſiſt thow God thy gloir is gane
and downe &c.
Thocht thow flow in Philoſophy,
Or gradnate in Theologie
Zit and thow ſyle the veretie,
Than downe &c.
Thow be of Religioun,
The ſtraiteſt in all Regioun
Zit and thow glaik or gagioun
The treuth thow ſall cum downe,
Quhair is Chore and Abiron?
Jamnes Jambres and Dathan become?
To reſiſt God quhilk maid them boune.
Ar thay nocht all cummit downe,
And quhair is Balaamis fals counſell
Quhair is the Prophetis Jeſabell,
And Belis Preiſtes be Daniell,
Downe thay war all &c.
And mony ma I culd zow ſchaw

Quhilk

Muſing gritly in my minde
Quhilk of thair God wald ſtand na aw,
Bot him reſiſtit and his Law.
and downe &c.
Thair is na King nor Empriour
Erle nor Duke of greit valure
From tyme ze knaw thair fals Errour,
Bot he ſall pluke thame downe. &c.
Ophni and Phenis gat na grace,
Hely brake his nek allace,
And his ofſpring put fra thair place
King Salomon put them downe &c.
And King Achab and Helyas
The fals Prophetis diſtroyit hes
And all the nobill Joſias
Put all fals Propehtis downe &c.
Is thair na ma? quhy ſaid I all?
Yit mony thouſand ſall haue ane fall
Quhilk haldis Chriſten men in thrall,
Princes ſall put them downe &c.
Wald thay na mair impunge the treuth,
Syne in thair office be not ſleuth
Than Chriſt on thame ſuld haue ſic reuth
That thay ſall nocht cum downe. &c.
I pray to God that thay and we
Obey his word in vnity
Throw Faith warkand be Cherity
and lat vs neuer come downe
Finis

The

The Biſchope of hely

THe Biſchop of Hely brak his neck,
Diſheriſt of his bnefice
Cauſe he the Preiſtis wald not correct
Corruptand Goddis Sacrifice
Sen our Hely in his office
Is lyke in Preuaricatioun
He ſall reſſaue ſic lyke Juſtice
Mak he nocht Reformatioun.

The Leuites at thair awin hande
Thay reft thair teind and mekill mair
Expreſſe aganis Goddis command
Thair huredome haitit he richt ſair
Thairfoir GOD ſend them ſic cruell weir,
Thay tint the feild the Arke was tane
Hely fell downe throw ſuddand feir
And brak his nek and coller bane.

Ophni and Phenis, zour conſcience remord
Amend zour lyfe or in the Feild
Ze ſall be ſlaine: and ze my Lord
Quhilk hes the wyte that thay are keild
Heliis Judgement ſall be zour beild
And als zour mortall Ennemies
Sall bruke withouttin ſpeir or ſcheild
Zour office euin befoir zour eies.

For zour abuſe may be ane brother
To Charis als lyke in ſimilitude
As euer ane eg was lyke ane vther

Of

The Biſchope of haly
Of Goddis word baith deſtitude
And greit God in Sanctitude
Quhais power hes nocht tane ane end
Sall ſend with that ſame fortitude
Siclyke on zow except ze mend.

All the exempillis of the Law
Ar wrytten with greit diligence
For our ſaikis that we ſtand aw
Of Goddis hie Magnificence
Of this we haue experience
Of diuers Natiouns round about
For Inglis Prelatis Dutch and Dence
For thair obuſe ar ruttit out.

Reforme in tyme leif zour Tyrannie
Firſt mend zour lyfe ſyne leirne to preiche
Thocht vageour Friers faine wald lie
The treuth will furth and will not leiche
For euerie man dois vther teiche
And countis nocht zour crueltie
Except ze mend I will not fleiche
Ze ſall end all miſcheouſtie.

Finis

I am wo for thir wolfis ſa wylde
Quhilk neuer willl conuert
Thair fals indurit hart
Sa lang the warld thay haue begylde
And baneiſt vs frome Jeſus Chriſt.

Gre

I am wo for thir wolfis ſa wylde

Greit caus thay haue for till repent,
Zit will thay nocht do ſo,
nowtheir for weill nor wo.
Thair blyndit mynde can nocht conſent
That we ar only ſauit be Chriſt.

Thair ſubtill ſlichtis now are ſpyit,
Be Chriſt the verity
Thair fals Hypocriſie,
Throw all the warld, is now out cryſt
Quhair with thay baneiſt vs fra Chriſt.

Thay birnd and heryit Chriſten men:
And ſlemit them full far,
Thay ſaid thay did bot erre,
That ſpak of the commandementis ten,
Or red the word of Jeſus Chriſt.

Heritikes thay did vs call
Curſand vs nicht and day,
The treuth durſt na man ſay.
Trew preichours war forbidden all;
To ſchaw the word of Jeſus Chriſt.

Thay baneiſt thame in vncouth land,
Full mony hunder myle,
Quhair thay in thair exile,
Leirnit better till vnderſtande,
The trew word of Jeſus Chriſt.

Nobill Lordis of greit renowne,

I am wo for thir wolfis ſa wylde
That fauouris the trewth,
On zour Saullis haue reuth,
And put the Antichriſtis downe,
Quhilk wald ſuppres the word of Chriſt

Vnder collour of common weill,
Thair cloiket ſubtilty,
And with greit cruelty,
Eftir thay think to ſlay and keill,
All that confeſſe the word of Chriſt.

For ſa thay think to bleir zour E,
And ſyne at zow to hunt,
And do as thay war wont.
And will exerce thair tyranny
On zow, and all that luiffis Chriſt.

Scotland was neuer in hardar cace.
Sen Fergus firſt it wan,
The Prieſtes we may ſair ban,
Quhilk hes the wyte, that brak the peace,
For to put downe the word of Chriſt.

Ane hundreth thouſand thay wald ſe,
Lockit intill ane feild,
Vnder thair ſpeir and ſcheild,
Bot with the wyuis thay wald be,
At hame to ſmore the word of Chriſt.

Defend na mair thir wolfis ſa wylde,

Allace vnkyndly Chriſt
Sa full of cruelnes,
Thair clokit halynes,
Baith men and wyffis ſa lang hes ſyld.
And ar the verry Antichriſtes.

Finis

ALlace vnkyndly Chriſt we haue exylit,
And of thair fude his floke we haue begylit
With vanities we haue them lang deludit,
And in fals beleif hes thame includit,
And euer this was the blating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly Kirk this xvi. hunder zeir.

The water of lyfe we gaue thame neuer to drink
Bot ſtinkand pulis of euery rottin ſink,
For haly Scripture alluterly we haue mockit,
And wͭ traditions of men we haif thame zockit,
And euer this was the blating of our queir,
Fathers of &c.
Man befoir God ſa lang we haue preferrit,
Quhill we ſe now almaiſt that all is marrit,
And God himſelfe is greuit and diſpleſit,
And we thairby ar bot litill eaſit.
Althocht it be the blating of our queir
Fatheris of haly &c.
Our blynd deſyris ſen we may nocht fulfill,
Welcome gude Lord full ſair aganis our will,
Zet nocht the les we ſall do as we may,
And efter this luke for ane better day,
And zit ſalbe the blating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly Kirk. &c.

We knaw as did King Saull our fatell fall
Zit quhill we die, Dauid perſew we ſall,
Suppois we ſuld wrak our ſelf and tyne
The feild, and all our kin be hangit ſyne,
Zit ſall it be, the blating of our quire
Fatheris of haly Kirk this.xv hunder zeir.
Lat Moyſes preiche to Pharao as he lykis
Zit ſall the pepill be tormentit lyke tykis.
And neuer depart from Egipt, gif we may,
We ſall be cruelleſt on the hinmeſt day,
Quhen we are rowuit we ſall blait on our beir,
Fatheris of haly. &c.
O cankerit carſounis and ze rottin ſtakis,
O ſtangand Edderis. and o ze poſound ſnakis
Sen ze will nocht change zour indurit will,
Knawand zour fault, zit will continew ſtill,
Sing on guk guk, the blaiting of zour queir,
Fals fathers of haly Kirk this .xv. hunder zeir.
Finis.

OF the fals fyre of purgatorie
Is nocht left in ane ſpunk,
Thairfoir ſayis Gedde wayis me
Gone is Preiſt Frier and Monke

The reik ſa wonder deir thay ſolde,
For money gold, and landis,
Quhill half the riches on the molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair handis.
Thay knew na thing bot couatyce,

And

Of the fyre of Purgatorie
And lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis,
Of all thair Foundatouris.

At Corpſpreſence thay wald ſing,
For riches to ſtokin the fyre,
Bot all pure folke that had na thing,
was ſkaldit bane and lyre.

Ȝet ſate thay hich in Parlement,
lyke Lordis of hie renowne,
Quhill now that the new Teſtament,
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

And thocht thay ſnuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair bellyes ryue:
The mair thay blaw, full weill thay knaw,
The mair it dois miſchryne

Finis

VAyis the Hirdis of Iſraell,
That feidis nocht Chriſtis flock,
Bot dantely thay feid them ſelf,
Syne dois the pepill mock.

The ſillie ſcheip was all forlorne,
And was the wolfis pray,
The Hirdis teindit all the corne,
The ſcheip culd get na ſtray.
Thay gadderit vp baith woll and mylk,
Wis

And tuke na mair cure,
Bot cled thame with the coſtly ſilk.
And ſiclyke cled thair hure.

Thairfoir ſay is God, I will requyre,
My ſcheip furth of thair handis,
And gif thame hyrdis at my deſyre,
To teiche thame my ennimandes.

And thay ſall nouther feid thame ſelfe,
Nor zit hunger my ſcheip,
I ſall thame from my Kirk expell,
And gif thame ſwyne to keip.

Finis

GOD ſend euery Prieſt ane wyfe,
And euery Nunne ane man,
That thay may liue that haly lyfe,
As firſt the Kirk began.

Sanct Peter quhome nane can reprufe,
His lyfe in mariage led,
All gude Preiſtes quhome God did lufe
Thair maryit wyfis had.

Greit cauſis than I grant had thay,
Fra wyfis to refraine
Bot greitter cauſes haue thay may,
Now wyffis to wed agane.
For than ſuld nocht ſa mony hure,

Be vp and downe this lande:
Nor zit ſa mony beggeris pure:
In Kirk and mercat ſtand.

And not ſa mekill baſtard ſeid
Throw out this countrie ſawin,
Nor gude men vncouth fry ſuld feid,
And all the ſuith war knawin.

Sen Chriſtis Law and commoun Law,
And Doctouris will admit,
That Preiſtes in that zock ſuld draw,
Quha dar ſay contrair it

Finis

THe wind blawis cald, furious and balde,
This lang and mony day.
But Chriſtis mercy we mon all die:
Or keip the cauld wind away.

This wind, ſa keine, that I of meine,
It is the ryce of auld,
Our Faith is incluſit, and plainely abuſit,
This wind hes blawin to cald.

This wind hes blawin lang, the pepill amang,
And blyndit hes thair wit,
The Ignorant pepill, ſa lawit bene and febill,
That thay wait nocht quhome to wyte,
Goddis word & Lawis, the pepill miſknawis

Finis

Na credence hes the Scripture.
Quha the ſuth dois infer, Preiſts ſay thay ere
Sic bene thair buſie cure.

Quha dois preſent, the new Teſtament,
Quhilk is our Faith ſurely,
Preiſtis callis him lyke, ane Heritike:
And ſayis burnt ſall he be.

This cryis on hie, the Spiritualty,
As nane thame ſuld defy:
Bot thair illuſioun and fals abuſioun,
The pepill dois now eſpy.

Quhome ſuld we wyte of this diſpyte,
That hid fra vs Goddis Law:
Bot Preiſtes and clerkis, and thair euill warks
Quhilk dois thair God miſknaw.
Thair greit extortion, and plane oppreſſion,
Aſcendis in the aire,
Without God puneis thair cruell vice,
This warld ſall all forfair.

The Theif Iudas, did greit treſpas,
That Chriſt for ſiluer ſald:
Bot Preiſtes will take, and his price mak,
For les be mony fauld.

With wrang abſolutions, and deceitfull pardons
For

For lucre to thame giuen:
Thay blynd vs now and garris vs trow,
Sic will bring vs till heuin,

Gif eirdly pardonis, micht be our Saluations
Than Chriſt deit in vaine:
Gif geir mycht bye, Goddis greit mercy,
Than fals is the Scripture plaine.

Syne for our ſchoir, he deit thairfoir,
And tholit paine for our mis,
Is nane bot he that may ſurely,
Bring vs to heuinnis blys.

Than be na way, ſe that ze pray,
To Peter, Iames, nor Iohne,
Nor zit to Paull, to ſaif zour Saull,
For power haue thay none.

Saif Chriſt only that deit on trie
He may baith lowſe and bind,
In vther is mo gif ze traiſt ſo,
On zow blawis cald the winde,

Now ſe ze pray baith nicht and day,
To Chriſt that bocht vs deir,
For on the Rude, he ſched his blude,
To ſaif our Saullis but weir.

Finis

Hay now the day dallis

Hay now the day dallis,
Now Chriſt on vs callis,
Now welth on our wallis
Appeiris anone:
Now the word of God Regnis,
Quhilk is King of all Kingis.
Now Chriſtis flock ſingis,
The nicht is neir gone.

Wo,be vnto zow Hypocritis,
That on the Lord ſa leudly leis,
And all to fill zowr fowll belleis.
Ze ar nocht of Chriſtis blude nor bone,
For ze preich zour awin dremis.
And ſa the word of God blaſphlemis,
God wat ſa weill it ſemis,
The nicht &c.
Wo be to zow Phariſians,
That Regnis lyke Capitanis,
And haldis Chriſtis men in mony panis,
Richt cairfull is thair mone:
I traiſt to God ze ſall beir byit,
Becaus zour falſet now is ſpyit,
And all Chriſtin men ſall cryit.
The nycht &c.
Wo be to zow Paip and Cardinall,
I traiſt to God ze ſall get ane fall:
With Monkis Preiſtis and Friers all,
That traiſtis nocht in God allone:
For all zour great pompe and pryde

The word of God ȝe ſall nocht hyde,
Nor ȝit na mair till vs begyde.
The nicht is neir gone.
ȝe gart vs trow in ſtock and ſtone
That thay wald helpe mony one,
And nocht till traiſt in God allone,
I ſay ȝe leit euery one:
I wat Sanct Peter nor Sanct Paule,
Nor ȝit na ſanct can ſaue ȝour Saull,
Thocht mony leſings mak mony braule,
The nicht &c.
ȝe ſerue to ſtrikkin be with roddis,
Becaus of Idols ȝe mak goddis
For all ȝour Ionkis and ȝour noddis,
ȝour hartis is hard as ony ſtone.
ȝe will not leif ȝour Hypocriſie,
Bot ȝour deſyris is ay for to lie,
And the Feind away with ȝow will flie
The nicht is &c.
ȝe begylit vs with ȝour hudis,
Schawand ȝour relikes and ȝour ruddis,
To pluke fra vs pure men our guddis,
ȝe Schaw vs the heid of Sanct Iohne,
With the arme of Sanct Geill,
To rottin bans ȝe gart vs kneill,
And ſauit vs from neck to heill.
The nicht is &c.
Requiem æternam faſt thay patter,
Befoir the deid with haly water,
The lawit folkis trowis the heuin will clatter:

Thay ſing with ſic dewotioun.
Ze ſay that Saull ze ſall gar ſanct,
Bot and the money war neuer ſa ſcant,
Ane penny of zour waig ze will nocht want,
The nicht is neir gone.
Syne to zow we mon offer
Poundis and pennies furth of our coffer,
And lay it downe vpon the aulter,
For the deid of that one,
Anime omnium ze will ſay,
Syne caſt the Corps in the clay,
Than haue ze done all that ze may.
Now the nicht is neir gone.

Finis

PReiſtes Chriſt beleue,
And only traiſt into his blude,
And nocht into zour warkis gude,
As plainly Paull can preue.
Preiſtes leirne to preiche
And put away zour Ignorance
Praiſe only God, his word auance.
And Chriſtis pepill teiche
Preiſtes cut zour gowne.
Zour mikil bonet put away.
And cut zour tippit in to tway.
Go preiche from town to towne
Preiſtes tak zour ſtaffe
And preich the Euangell on zour feit
And let ſa Sandellis full meit

Bot

Preiſtes Chriſt beleue.
Bot caſt zour pantons of.
Preiſtis keip no gold,
Siluer nor cunze in zour purs,
Nor zit twa cottis with zou turs
Bot ſchone to keip zow from cald
Preiſtes thole to preiche.
Sen ze zour ſelf can preiche na thing.
Or we zour brawling downe ſall bring:
And na mair with zou fleich
Preiſtes tak na teind.
Except the word of God ze ſchaw.
Thocht ze alledge zour vſe and Law.
It is nocht as ze weind
Preiſtes tak na kyis,
The vmeſt claith ze ſall quyte claime
Fra ſa̅ pure barnis with thair dame,
A vengeance on zow cryis.
Preiſtis burne no mo.
Of wrang delatioun ze may hyre
And fals witnes na mair inquyre
And lat abiuring go!
Preiſtes all and ſum.
Suld call ane counſell generall
And dres all thingis Spirituall
Bot thair thay will nocht cum.
Preiſtes reid and wryte
And zour fals Cannon Law let be
Quhair Paipis contrair Scripture lie
And contrair doctouris dyte.
Preiſtes pryde zow nocht

Prieſtes Chriſt beleue
Quhat zour counſels dois conclude
Contrair the writ and Chriſtis blude
The quhilk ſa deir vs bocht.
Prieſtes curs no moir.
And now zour hartis na mair indure
Bot on zour flockis take cure,
Or God ſall curs zow ſore
Preiſtes leue zour pryde,
Zour ſkarlat and zour veluate ſoft
Zour horſe and mulis coiſtly coſt
And Jakmen be zour ſyde.
Prieſtis ſober be,
And fecht not nowther boiſt nor ſchoir
Miſreule the Realme and court no moir
And to zour Kirkis fle
Prieſtes mend zour lyfe
And leif zour fouls Senſuality
And vylde ſtinkand chaſtity
And Ilk ane wed ane wyfe.
Preiſtes pray na mair
To Sanct Anthone to ſaue thy ſow
Nor to Sanct Bryde to keip thy cow
That greuis God richt ſair.
Preiſtes worſchip God
And put away zour Imagery
Zour pardons and Fraternity
To hell the way and rod
Prieſtes ſell na Mes.
Bot miniſter that Sacrament
As Chriſt in the new Teſtament

Commandit

Preiſtes Chriſt beleue
Commandit zow expres,
Preiſtes put away
Zour paintit fyre of purgatorie
The ground of zour Idolatry
It is neir domiſday.
Preiſtes change zour tone
And ſing into zour mother tung
Inglis Pſalmes and ze impugne
Ze will dyne after nons.
Preiſtes preif zow men
And now defend zour liberty
For France and for zour dignity
Ze brak the peace ze ken.
Preiſtes now confeſſe
How ze ſa lang did vs begyle
With mony haly bellie wyle
To liue in Idilnes.
Preiſtes I zow exhort
Zour office to do perfyte
For I ſay na thing in diſpyte
Sa God mot me ſupport.
Finis

¶Till our gudeman, till our gudeman:
Keip Faith and loue till our gudeman.

FOr our gudeman in heuin dois regne
In gloir and blis without ending
Quhair angellis ſingis euer Oſan
In laude and prais of our gudeman.

Till our gudeman

Our gudeman deſyꝛis thꝛie thingis
Ane hart quhairfra contrition ſpꝛingis
Syne luſe him beſt our Saulis that wan
Quhen we war loſt fra our gudeman.

And our gudeman that euer was kynde
Requyris of vs ane faithfull mynde
Syne cheritabill be with euery clan
Foꝛ luſe onely of our gudeman.

Ʒit our gudeman requyris moir
To giue na Creature his gloir
And gif we do do quhat we can
We ſall be loſt fra our gudeman.

And our gudeman he pꝛomeiſt ſure
To euery faithfull Creature
His greit mercy that now oꝛ than,
Will call foꝛ grace at our gudman.

Adame that our foꝛfather was
He loſt vs all foꝛ his treſpaſe
Quhais brukkill banis we may ſair ban
That gart vs loſe our awin gudeman

Ʒit our gudman gracious and gude,
Foꝛ our Saluatioun ſched his blude
Upon the Croce quhair thair began
The mercifulnes of our gudeman.
This is the blude did vs refreſche

This is the blude that mon vs weſche,
The blude that from his hart furth ran,
Maid vs fre airis till our gude man.

Now lat vs pray baith day and hour,
Till Chriſt our onely Mediatour,
Will ſaif vs on the day that quhen,
We ſall be Iudgit be our gudeman
Finis

Remember man, Remember man,
That I thy Saull from Sathan wan,
And hes done for the that I can,
Thow art full deir to me:
Is. was. nor ſall be none
That may the ſaif bot I allone
Only thairfoir beleue me on,
And thow ſall neuer die.

Wolues quhom of my Euangeliſtes wryte.
And Paull and Peter did of dyte,
Allace haue ȝow deceiued quyte,
With fals Hypocriſie,
My new Teſtament plaine and gude,
For quhilk I ſched my precious blude.
Thay hald for heriſie.

And hes ſet vp thair fals doctrine,
For couetice in ſteid of myne,
With fyre and ſword defendis it ſyne,

Contrair my worde and me,
The Antichriſt is cumit but dout,
And hes zow trappit round about,
Furth of his gyrne thairfoir cum out
Gif ze wald ſauit be.

His Pilgrimage and Purgatorie,
His wirſchiping of Imagery,
His Pardouns and Fraternity
With zeill and gude intent:
The quhiſperit ſinnis, callit eir Confeſſioun
With his Preiſtis mumblit abſolutioun,
And mony vther fals abuſion,
The Paip hes done inuent.

With Meſſis ſauld be Preiſt and Frier,
For land and money wounder deir,
Quhilk is the groundſtane of thair queir,
And rute of all thair pryde:
His Pater noſter bocht and ſauld,
His numerat aueis and Pſalmes tald
Quhilk my new Teſtament nor my auld,
On na wayis can abyde.

Their half hag matines faſt thay patter,
Thay gif zow breid and ſellis zow water,
His curſings on zow als they clatter,
Thocht thay can hurt zow not:
Gif ze will geue thame Caip or Bell,
The cling thairof thay will zow ſell,

Suppois

Remember man
Suppois the Saull ſuld ga to hell,
Ȝe get nathing vnbocht.

Thay ſell ȝow als the Sacramentis ſeuin,
Thay micht haue maid allſweill alleuin,
Few, or mony, od or euin:
Ȝour purſes for to pyke:
Wald thay lat bot twa vſit be,
Of Baptiſme and of my body,
As thay war inſtitude be me,
Men wald them better lyke.

Mariage is ane bliſſit band,
Quhilk I gaue man in my command
To keip, bot thay my word withſtand,
Ane Sacrament it maid
Vnto that vther Sacramentis fyue,
Our Saluatioun thay aſcryue,
Fra my trew Faith ȝow for to dryue,
In vaine to mak my deid,

Thair tryflis all are maid be men,
Quhilk my Goſpell did neuer ken,
My law and my commandementis ten,
Thay hyde from mennis eine:
My new Teſtament thay wald keip down,
Quhilk ſuld be preichit fra towne to towne
Caus it wald cut thair lang tailit gowne,
And ſchaw thair lyues vncleine
And now thay ar with dolour pynde,

And lyke to rage out of thair mynde,
Becauſe fra thame ze ar declynd,
And will na leſings heir.
Thairfoir thay mak ſa greit vproir,
Contrair the ſtock of Chriſtis ſtoir,
Determit or thay will gif it ouer,
To fecht all into feir,

Bot hald zow at my Teſtament faſt,
And be na quhite of them agaſt,
For I ſall bring downe at the laſt,
Thair pryde and cruelty.
Than cleirly ſall my word be ſchawin,
And all thair falſet ſalbe knawin
That thay into all landis haif ſawin,
Be thair Idolatry.

And ze ſall liue in reſt and peace
Inſtructit with my word of grace.
For I the Antichriſt deface
Sall, and true Preicheours ſend
Repent zour Sin with all zour harts,
And with true Faith to me conuert,
And heuinly gloir ſall be zour part
With me to bruke but end.

We pray the Jeſus Chriſt our Lord,
Conforme our lyues to thy word,
That we may liue with ane accord,
In perfyte Cherity.

And forgeue vs our ſinfulnes,
And cleith vs with thy righteouſnes;
Of thy fauour and gentilnes,
We pray the that ſo be.

Finis

THe Paip that Pagane full of pryde,
He hes vs blyndit lange
For quhair the blynd the blynd dois gyde,
Na wounder baith ga wrang,
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring,
Of all iniquity,
Hay trix, trym go trix vnder the grene woid tries

Bot his abhominatioun,
The Lord hes brocht to licht,
His Popiſch pryde and thrinfald Crowne
Almaiſt hes loiſt thair micht
His plak pardones, ar bot lardons,
Of new found vanity,
Hay trix trim go trix, &c.
His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Biſchops borne a backe
His Abbots gat ane vncouth turne,
Quhen ſchauelingis went to ſack,
With Burges wyfis thay led thair lyuis,
And fure better nor we.
Hay trix trim, go, &c.
His Carmelites and Jacobinis
His Dominiks had greit do,

His Cordeſlers and Auguſtines,
Sanct Francis of ordour to,
The ſilly Friers mony zeiris,
With babling blerit our E.
Hay trix trim. &c.
The Siſters gray befoir this day,
Did crune within thair cloiſter,
Thay feit ane Frier, thair keyis to beir
The Feind reſſaue the Foſter.
Syn. in the myrk, he weill culd wirk,
And kittill thame wantonly.
Hay trix trim &c.
The blinde Biſchop he culd not preich,
For playing with the Laſſis,
The ſilly Frier behuiffit to fleich
For almous that he aſſis.
The Curat his Creid, he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the company:
Hay trix trim &c.
The Biſchop wald nocht wed ane wyfe,
The Abbot not perſeuane,
Thinkand it was ane luſty lyfe,
Ilk day to haue ane new ane,
In euery place ane vncouth face
His luſt to ſatiſfye.
Hay trix trim &c.
The Perſon wald nocht haue ane hure
Bot twa and thay war bony,
The Viccar thocht he was pure,
Behuiffit to haue as mony,

Hay trix trim go trix
The Pariſch Preiſt that bruttall beiſt,
He polit thame preuily,
Hay trix, trim go trix, &c.
Of Scotland well, the Friers of Faill,
The lymmery lang hes leſtit,
The Monkis of Melros maid gude kaill
On Fryday quhen thay faſtit
The ſillie Nunnis, caiſt vp thair bunnis
And heiſit thair hippis on hie,
Hay trix, trim go trix. &c.
Of lait I ſaw thir limmers ſtand
Lyke mad men at miſcheif,
Thinkand to get the vpper hand,
Thay luke efter releif:
Bot all in vaine, go tell thame plaine,
That day will neuer be.
Hay trix trim go trix. &c.
O Jeſu gif thay thocht grit glie
To ſe Goddis word downe ſmorit,
The Congregation maid to flie,
Hipocriſie reſtorit.
With Meſſis ſung, and bellis rung,
To thair Idolatrie
Mary God thank zow, we ſall gar brank zow
Befoir that tyme trewly.

Finis

Say weill is throuchly a worthy gude thing.
Of ſay weill, greit vertew furth dois ſpring.
Say weill from do weill differis in letter,
Say weill is gude bot do weill is better.

Aun

Say weill and do weill

Say weill is repute be man ſum deale.
Bot do weill only to God dois appeale,
Say weill ſayis godly, and mony dois pleaſe,
Bot do weill lyuis godly and dois the warld eaſe,

Be ſaying weill mony to Goddis word cleuis,
Bo for lack of do weill it quickly leuis,
Bot gif ſay weill & do weill, war ioynit in a fram
All war don, all war won, gottin war the game.

Say weill in daunger of deith is cald,
Do weill is harneiſt and woundrous bald,
Than ſay weill for feir ſall trimbill and quaik,
Do weill ſall be Iocound and ioly cheir make,

Say weill is ſlippar and makis mony wylis,
Do weill is ſemely without ony gylis.
Quhen ſay weill at ſumtymes ſall be brocht baſe,
Do weill ſall triumph in euery place.

Say weilll to ſilence ſymtime is bound,
Do weill is fre in euery ſtound,
Say weill hes freindis baith heir and thair,
Bot do weill is welcome euery quhair,

Say weill mony things in hand dois take,
Do weill ane end of them dois mak,
Quhen ſay weill with mony is quit doun caſte,
Do weill is truſty and will ſtand faſt,
Say weill himſelf will ſumtime auance,

bot

Knaw ze not God omnipotent

Bot do weill dois nouther rect nor praunce,
Bot do weill dois profite this warld moir,
Than ſay weill, and his ane hundreth ſoir.

Say weill in wordis is woundrous trick,
Bot do weill in dedes is nimbill and quick,
Lord quick and trick togidder knit,
And ſa ſall thay pype a mirry fit.

Say weill mony will thay be ſo kynd,
Bot do weill few will unto thair freind,
May ſay weill, than do weill, I tell zow in deid
Bot do weill is mair honeſt in tyme of neid.

Finis

KNaw ze not God Omnipotent,
He create man and maide him fre,
Quhill he brak his commandement,
And eit of the forbidden trie,
Had not that bliſſit barne bene borne,
Sin to redres.
Lowrries zour lyuis had bene forlorne?
For all zour Mes.

Sen we war all to Sin made ſure,
Throw Adams inobedience:
Saue Chriſt thair was na Creature,
Maide Sacrifice for our offence
Thair is na Sanct may ſaik zour ſaull,
Fra the tranſgres;

Knaw ze not God omnipotent
Suppoſe Sanct Peter and Sanct Paule,
Had baith ſaid Mes.

Knawing thair is na Chriſt bot ane,
Quhilk rent was on the Rud with roddis
Quhy geue ze gloir to ſtock and ſtane,
In wirſchiping of vther Goddis:
Thir Idols that on Altars ſtandis,
Ar ſenzeitnes:
Ze gat not God amang zour handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

And ſen na Sanct zour Saull may ſaif,
Perchance ze will ſpeir at me than:
How may the Paip thir Pardons haif
With power baith of beiſt and man
Throw na thing bot ane ſenzeit Faith
For halynes.
Inventit way is get thame graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

Of mariage zow maid zow quyte,
Thinking it thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of wyfis is appetyte,
That courage micht incres agane.
Thay hony lippis ze did perſew,
Grew gall I ges.
Thinking it was contrition trew,
To dance ane Mes.
Gif God was maid of bittis of breid,

Knaw ze not God omnipotent
Eite ze not owalyſſax oꝛ ſeuin,
As it had bene ane moꝛtall feid,
Quhill ze had almaist herpit heuin,
Als mony Deuillis ze man deuoure
Quhill hell grow les.
Oꝛ doutles we dar nocht reſtoir,
Zow to zour Mes.

Gif God be tranſubſtantiall,
In bꝛeid with hoc eſt corpus meum,
Quhy are ze ſa vnnaturall,
To take him in zour teith and ſla him,
Tripartit and deuydit him
At zour dum dres,
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him
Mumling zour Mes.

Ze partit with dame pouerty
Tuke pꝛoperty to be zour wyfe
Fra Charity and Chaſtity
With lechery ze led zour lyfe.
That raiſit the mother of miſcheif
Zour gredines
Beleuing ay to get releif
Foꝛ ſaying Mes.

O wickit vaine Veuerience
Ze ar nocht Sanctis (thocht ze ſeme haly
Pꝛoud poyſonit Epicuriens
Quhilk had na God bot zour awin bellie
Beleue

Knaw ze not God omnipotent
Beleue ze Lownis the Lord allowis
Zour Idilnes
Lang or the ſweit come ouer zour browes
For ſaying Mes.

Had not zour ſelf begun the weiris
Zour ſtepillis had bene ſtandand zit
It was the flattering of zow Friers
That euer gart Sanct Francis flit
Ze grew ſa ſuperſtitious
In wickitnes
It gart vs grow malicious
Contrair zour Mes.

Our Biſchops ar degenerate
Thocht thay be mountit vpon Mulis,
With huredome clene effeminate
And Friers oftymes preuis fulis
For Duſtifit and Bob at euin
Do ſa Increſſe
Hes dreuin ſum of thame to tein
For all thair Mes.
Chriſt keip faithfull Chriſtians
From peruerſt pryde and Papiſtry:
God grant them true intelligence
Of his Law word and veritye
God grant thay may thair lyfe amende
Syne blys poſſes
Throw Faith on Chriſt all that depend;
And nocht on Mes.

Sen

Hen Mes is nathing els to ſay
Bot ane wickit inuentioun,
without authority or ſtay,
Of Scripture. or Foundatioun,
Gif Kingis wald Mes to Rome hence dryue
with haſtines,
Suld be the meane to haue belyue.
Ane end of mes.

Finis

VVAs not Salamon the King,
To miſery be wemen brocht,
Quhilk wiſdome out of frame did
Till he maiſt wickitly had wrocht (bring
A thouſand wemen he did keip.
Allace allace:
Quhilk drownit him in ſin ſa deip,
As come to pas.
Was not Paris maiſt wickitly
Be Venus led to Helenis luſt:
For quhilk Sin and adultery
The plagues of Troy war efter juſt,
The ſturdie ſtormis he did indure,
Allace allace,
His luſting wyfe was na thing ſure,
As come to pas
Thocht Troylus Creſſed did enioy,
As Paris Helene was lykewyſe:
Zit leuit he nocht lang in Troy.
Bot that Fortune did him diſpyſe,

Ane diſſwation from vaine luſt

Quha wald than wirk Accordingly
Allace allace,
Sic pleſoure bringis miſery
As come to pas.
Thoch Ouid feyns that Leander
Aduenturit mekill his lufe to gaine
Zet dois the Poet Meander
Aduertiſe vs for to refraine.
For luſting lyfe is nathing ſtayde
Allace allace.
Ilk man thairfoir may be afrayde
Quhilk is bot gras.
Quhat ſall we ſay to Pyramus
Sic wratchit wa did him aſſaill
His end in deid was dolorous
Quhen fuliſche frenſie did preuaill.
Quhat wyſe man wald his fact commend
Allace allace:
Quhilk brocht his lyfe vnto ane end
As come to pas.
Thocht Hercules for Erionye,
Amichtie monſter did ſubdew
Zit endit he in miſery
Gif Poetes fayning may be trew
His minling mate Abderitus
Allace allace
Ane deith ſuſtenit meruellous
As come to pas,
Anaparetus ſum do ſay
Entyſed Iphis outwardly

And than withdrew hir lufe away.
And he himſelf ſlew wilfully,
Traiſt the vntraiſtie quha that will
Allace allace,
For lik my ſelf I will nat kill
As his luſt was.
Thocht Juppiter transformit him
Alcumena to defyle
The fenzeit Goddis thay ſcornit him
For lyke offence within a quhyle
For quhen he lay in Venus lap
Allace allace
Vulcanus tuke him in a trap
As come to pas,
Thus bewty breidis bitternes
And bringis baill to mony men
Quha is led be wilfulnes
Sall feill the force of bewty then
For ſum being takin in the traine
Allace allace
Are led to penury and paine
As come to pas
Thocht Cato Prince of prudent price
In welthy ſtait did lang remaine
Yit be the chance of Fortunis dyce
Mekill miſery he did ſuſtaine
His wedded wyfe did wirk him wa
All ace allace
Mekill mair thir beiſtis quhilk rinn and ga
Pas and repas.

Ane diſſwatioūn from vaine luſt

Tiberius the Empꝛiour,
Be his wyfis greit adultery:
Loſt his pompe and puiſſant power,
Ending his lyfe in miſery.
Theis weill thairfoir leiſt ȝe do ſay
Allace allace,
Lat thir and vtheris at this day,
Be as thy glas.
Althocht Marcus Antonius,
Was ſene in Coſmographia.
ȝit wes his end maiſt dolorous,
Be that fals harlet Fauſtina:
Take heid thairfoir of this be war.
Allace allace,
Be thow not ſnairid in Venus ſnair,
In ony cace,
Althocht Sextus Tarquinus,
Defylit chaiſt Lucreſia,
He and his Father Superbus,
Fra Rome war baniſchit away:
A Juſt rewaird for lyke offence:
Allace allace,
Lyke puniſchment foꝛ lyke offence,
Oft cummis to pas.
Thocht ſubtill Sardanapalus
A Pꝛince war picht to rule and Reigne:
ȝet war his factis ſa lecherous
That every man micht ſa thame plaine,
At Babylone he did deſyre
Allace allace,

To ſet the haill Caſtell on fyre,
Quhair brunt he was.
Ptholomeus Philopater,
The michty King of Egipt land,
Beand a michty conquerer,
His luſt vnto a wenche did ſtand:
His wedded wyfe he put to deith,
Allace allace
Thus Princes oft do ſpend thair braith.
As come to pas.
Phiſco lykewyſe the lecherous.
Quhilk children be his Siſter had:
That gat Heliogabalus,
Quhais lyfe in luſt was ſpend to bad,
Defyling maid and wyfe alſo,
Allace allace:
Harlots with him micht ryde and go,
Quhair he did pas.
Althocht Caius Caligula,
All his awin Siſteris did defyle:
And thocht himſelfe in quyet ſtay,
Poſſeſſing pleſour for ane quhyle.
Zit his men did his deith conſpyre.
Allace allace:
This wraitchit man he had his hyre.
As come to pas

Exempillis takin out of the Bible

Vith Bybill matters to begin,
Hiſtories mony we may find:
How luſting lyfe that laithſum ſin:

Exampllis takin out of the Bybill

The opin eyis of ſum do blind,
Thocht Sichem Dina had defylde:
Allace, allace,
Baith he and Hey mor war begylde:
As come to pas.
Did not daintie Dalilay,
The michtie Sampſon bring to nocht,
Quhen he his ſecreit heid did wray
In Venus ſnair ſcho had him caucht
Did not Apame in lyke caſe
Allace, allace,
Straik that greit King vpon the face
As come to pas.
Thocht Ammon did his mynde fulfill
Vpon his Siſter Thamar deir
Yit Abſolon his blude did ſpill,
Schortly efter as dois appeir
Thocht Dauid was the Lordis Elect
Allace, allace,
with Bethſabe he was Infect
As come to pas.
Thocht Holofernes luſtit lang,
To haue to do on Iudethis bed:
His luſting lyfe did happin wrang,
And ſcho did ſone ſtryke of his heid,
Quhat wyne and woman do zow ſe.
Allace, allace,
Walk and wander with modeſtie.
In ony cace.
Thocht Iudas did with Thamar ly,
Quhilk was his dochter be the Law:
The Geneſis dois teſtifie,

Iuſt

All my lufe leif me not

Iuſt Ioſephis gude and godly aw,
Quhen his Lordes wyfe wald him conſtraine;
Allace, allace,
He wald hir purpois haillely vaine
As come to pas
Of him let vs exampill take
And neuer think on Cupides dart:
Venus can nouther mar nor mak
Gif vnto God we ioyne our hart,
And leif this airt of langing luſt:
Allace, allace,
And in the Lord haue hope and truſt
Quhilk is and was.

FINIS.

ALl my lufe leif me not.
Leif me not, leif me not,
All my lufe leif me not,
Thus myne allone:
With ane burding on my bak,
I may not beir it I am ſa waik
Lufe this burding fra me take
Or ellis I am gone

With ſinnis I am ladin ſoir,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With ſinnis I am ladin ſoir
Leif me not allone:
I pray the Lord thairfoir
Keip not my ſinnis in ſtoir,
Lowſe me or I be forlorne
And heir my mone.

All my lufe leif me not

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht
Leif me not, leif me not,
With thy handis thow hes me wrocht
Leif me not allone:
I was ſauld and thow me bocht
With thy blude thow hes me coft
Now am I hidder ſocht
To the Lord alone,

I cry and I call to the,
To leif me not to leif me not,
I cry and I call to the
To leif me not alone:
All thay that ladin be
Thow biddis them cum to the
Than ſall thay ſauit be,
Throw thy mercy alone,

Thow ſaues all the penitent
And leifis them not, and leifis them not,
Thow ſaifis all the penitent,
And leifis them not allone:
All that will thair Sinnis repent,
Nane of them ſalbe ſchent,
Suppoſe thy bow be reddy bent,
Of thame thow killis none.

Faith, hope, and cheritie,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Faith, hope, and cheritie,
Leif me not allone:

I pray the Lord grant me,
thir godly giftis thrie
Than ſall I ſauit be,
Dout haue I none.

To the Father be all gloir,
That leifis vs not, that leifis vs not,
To the Father be all gloir,
That leuis vs not allone,
Sone and haly Gaiſt, euer moir,
As it was of befoir,
Throw Chriſt our Sauiour,
We are ſaif euery one.

Finis

¶ Of the day of Iudgement.

ALl Chriſtin and faithfull, in hart be ioyfull
Reioyce and mak gude cheir,
Be meris and glaid, and be no moir ſad
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Vnder proteſtatioun, with liue and correctiouns,
That nane be offendit heir,
I will ſpeik plainly, to rais zour hartis quikly,
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

All Paipis and prelatis and ſpirituall eſtaitis,
That thinkis ze haue na peir,
Caſt away zour wairis, zour princelie effairis
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

O Hirdis of Iſraell, heir ze the Lordis bell,
Dis [illegible]

Knelland faſt in zour Eir,
Quhilk biddis in plaine, leue zour triffillis vaine
The day of the Lord drawis neir:

Perſonis that hes cure to preich vnto the pure
Ze haue zour waigis to deir,
The layit ze will not teiche, nor zit goddis word
The day of the Lord drawis neir. (will preiche

I will zow exhort, in termis richt ſchort.
Baith Preiſt, Channoun, Monk, and Freir,
To ſlaik of zour ſleuth, & ſchaw furth the treuth
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

And ze brethren all, Eccleſiaſticall
Serue zour Lord God in feir,
Leue zour ceremonyis of zour awin fundgyis
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Zour coiſtly reparationis zour offeringis and
Zour curious notis in the queir. (oblationis
On the day of dreid ſall ſtand in litill ſteid,
Quhen the Lordis ſentence drawis neir.

Princes and Kingis, that ſa Ryall Kingis
That ſuld haue all rewle and ſteir,
Do Iuſtice equaill, baith to greit and ſmall
The day of the Lord drawis neir.
On the pure cōmounis, ſuffer na oppreſſiounis
Bot humblie thair plaintis heir,
With extreme Iuſtice, treſpaſſouris puniſch
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

All Chriſtin and Faithfull
Syne with zour ſword, let furth Goddis word
Our heuinly Mirrour cleir,
And anker zow ſure on haly Scripture
For the day of the Lord drawis neir.

Erlis, Lordis, and Barrounis, hurt not zour
In body, gudis, nor geir: (cōmounis
Do ze the contrair, zour houſis will miſfair
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Be trew to the Crowne, defend zour Regioun
That zour foirbearis coſt ſa deir,
And euer haue Eye, vnto zour libertie
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

I cry in generall, on Spirituall & Temporall,
This lectioun that ze leir:
Remeber alwayis, that ſchort be zour dayis
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

That day ſall horribill, be and eik terribill,
Quhen that Iuſt Iudge ſall appeir:
In his birnand Ire, to iudge the warld with fyre
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

At ane Trumpet blaſt, we ſall be all agaſt,
Heuin, hell, eird ſall it heir,
Syne ſtand befoir the Iudge without ony refuge
The day of the Lord drawis neir:
We ſall giue rekning, of our leuing,

We haue ſpendit in all maneir,
As we haue deſeruit, ſa ſall we be ſeruit
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

That day the faithull, ſalbe richt Ioyfull
Befoir Chriſt quhen thay compeir,
Bot the vnfaithfull, ſalbe richt wofull
Quhen the Lordis ſentence drawis neir.

To vnbeleuaris all, this ſentence giue he ſall,
With Ire and awfull cheir,
Pas ze to the Hell, with Deuillis to dwell,
The heuin ze ſall neuer cum neir.

The Iuſt ſall all ſtand euin at his richt hand,
Defendit from all danger.
To quhome he ſall ſay, richt ſweitly that day,
The ſentence quhilk drawis neir.

Cum heir my Elect, and my awin ſweit Sed,
Your hyre ſall not be in weir,
Baith Saull and body, in heuin Eternallie
Thay ſall dwell with me richt neir.

Quhairfoir I do call, 'on all men mortall
To ryſe and be neuer ſweir
Bot euer be war of the wofull ſnair
The day of the Lord drawis neir.
Awalk ay and pray baith in nicht and day

To Chriſt that coſt vs all deir
To be our mediatour in that feirfull houre
Quhen the day of the Lord drawis neir.

Finis

BLEnk in this Mirrour man and mend,
For heir thow may thy exempill ſe
To all mankynd it is weill kend
That euer come hidder, that he mon die
And fra this dome he may not flie,
Suppois he haue land and gold to ſpend
Array zow all and reddy be
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Heir is the reſſoun quha lykis to reid,
This day thow was ane King with Crown,
The morne cummis deith withouttin dreid
Commandis the to his preſoun,
Richt ſuddanely he drawis the down
Thow wait that thow mon with him wend
Thairfoir leif weill be reddy bowne
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend,

Thair is nane in ſtait ſa hie
Prince, King, nor Empriour,
Fra this dome ane fute may fle,
For all his gold and his valour.
Thairfoir thow blenk in this Mirrour
That is graciouſly to the ſend,
Think on the ſweit and als the ſoure
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Blenk in this Mirrour

Behald now to thir men of micht
That mekill hes, and wald haue mair,
And to thair ſembling take gude ſicht
How that thay pas away ſa hair.
And ſet not by how that we fair
That winnis all that thay ſpend,
Richt buſilie baith lait and air,
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Sen thow wait that thow mon pas,
And thow wait nouther quhen nor quhair
And thy body ſall turne in Aſſe
That thow now feidis vp ſa fair.
Confeſſe thy ſinnis les and mair
Vnto thy God, or thow hyne wend,
And till him leyne for euer mair
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Finis

O Man ryſe vp and be not ſweir,
Prepair aganis this gude new zeir,
My new zeir gift thow hes in ſtoir
Sen I am he that coſt the deir
Gif me thy hart I ask no meir.

Gif me thy hart for I ſuld haue it
It is my richt thairfoir I craif it
To win the ſamin I ſufferit ſoir
And now am I reddie to reſſaue it,
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

Blenk in this Mirrour

I am the Lord maid the of nocht
Lyke my awin Image hes the wrocht,
The to all frelage I did reſtoir,
Sen my hart blude thy hart hes bocht
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

I come in eird, and thair did dwell,
I ſend na meſſage bot my ſell:
The to releif of deidly ſoir,
Sen I haue fred the from the hell
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

I haue the fred from all thirlage,
And hes preparit thyne heritage,
Quhair deith ſall neuer the deuoir,
And now am cummin to craif my wage
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

Be war I am ane Ielous God,
I am na Image, ſtock nor wod:
Thairfoir giue nane of thay my gloir,
Sen I to heuin mon be the rod
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

Let be thy ſculptil honouris vaine
Quhilkis ar confoundit and prophaine
And ſwa ar all dois them ador,
As teſtifyis Dauid in Scripture plaine
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir,

Sen this laſt zeir thow hes offendit,
Contrair my Law thy lyfe hes ſpendit,
My mercy is reddy zit as of befoir

In this

O man behald this warldis vanities
In this new zeir all may be amendit,
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

Finis

O Man behald this warldis vaniteis,
The Joy of it I wait is fantaſie
Thairfoir be war my counſell now it is
Be glaid in God for doutles thow mon die

Think thow art cum, & wait not quhē to pas,
Think thow mō change, & wait not quhair to be,
Think quhy thow cum, & quhat thy erand was,
Be weill auyſit, for doutles thow mon die.

Auiſe the weill, quhill thow hes tyme & ſpace,
Exempill take dayly as thow may ſe,
Quhen deith cummis thair is na vther grace
Bot zeild the than, for doutles thow mon die.

Zeild the to God with humbill hart contrite,
In Cheritie lufe as thow wald lufit be.
Gif thow wald leif without this warldis deſpite,
Remember on this, for doutles thow mon die

Remember vpon thy God Omnipotent,
That is and was, and euer moir ſall be,
And for thy ſin he ſaikleſlie was ſchent,
Be kynde agane, for doutles thow mon die.

Be kynde agane for Heuin Celeſtiall

Quhair

Sen throw vertew increſſis dignitie
Quhair gloir and Joy without end ſall be,
Be kynde and dreid the cruell paine of hell
Cheis thee the ane, for doutles thow mon die.

Finis

SEN throw vertew Increſſis dignitie,
And vertew is flour and rute of Nobles ay
Of ony wit or quhat eſtait thow be,
His ſteppis follow, and dreid for none effray
Eiect vice, and follow treuth alway
Lufe maiſt thy God that firſt thy lyfe began
And for ilk Inche he will quyte the ane ſpan

Be not ouir proude in thy proſperitie
For as it cummis, ſa will it pas away,
The tyme to compt is ſchort thow, may will ſe.
For of grene gres ſone cummis wallowit hay
Labour in treuth, quhilk ſuith is of thy fay
Traiſt maiſt in God, for he beſt gyde the can
And for ilk Inche he will the quyte ane ſpan.

Sen word is thrall and thocht is only fre.
Thow dant thy toung that power hes and may
Thow ſteik thy Ene fra warldis vanitie,
Refraine thy luſt, and harkin quhat I ſay
Graip or thow ſlyde, and keip furth the hie way,
Thow hald the faſt vpon thy God and man
And for ilk Inche he will the quyte ane ſpan.

FINIS.

¶ Quod King Iames the firſt

THE

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All meit and drink 11
All Chriſtin men 14
Allace that ſame 33
At the Riuers of 56
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Allone weip in greit 72
Allace vnkyndly chriſt 51
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Baneiſt is faith now 87
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C
Chriſt baptiſt was 7
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Chriſt thow art the 71
Chriſt Ieſus is ane 27
D
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E
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Fra deip o Lord 57
For luſe of one 65
For our gudeman 58
G
Gif ze haue riſen 40
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Greuous is my ſorrow 74
Go hart vnto the 86
God ſend euery 52
H
Help God the former 22
Hay lat vs ſing 35
Haue mercy on me 59
Hay now the day 50
I
I come fra heuin to 26
In dulce iubilo 28
I call on the Lord 33
In brught and land 36
I will the luſe my 57
Intill ane myrthfull 68
Iohne cum kis me 78
I am wo for thir 89
K
Knaw ze not God 62

Faith

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The Tabill.

L.
Lord God thy face.
Lord Father God.
Lord let thy ſeruand.
Let vs rejoyce and.
Lord let me neuer be.
M.
Moyſes vpon the.
My ſaule does.
My Loue murnes for.
Muſing greitly in.
Muſing greitly in my.
N.
Now let vs ſing.
O
Our Father God.
Our Sauiour Chriſt.
Onelie to God
Of mercie yet hee.
Of thinges twa.
O Lord how lang.
O Lord quha ſall.
O Lord aduert.
O God be mercifull.
O Chriſt whilke art.
Of the falſe fire of.
O man riſe vp.
O man be hald this.
P
Pray God for grace.
Prieſtes Chriſt beleue.
Q
Quha on the hieſt.
Quho is at my window.
Quhen fra Egypt depa.
Quha ſuld my melody.
Quha can diſcriue.
R
Right ſore oppreſt.
Right ſore muſing.
Remember man.
S.
Sore I complaine of ſin
Sinners vnto my.
Saif vs gude Lord.
Say well is trochly.
Sen throw.
T
To vs borne a Barin.
Till Chriſt whom.
The grace of God.
Thou ſall nocht.
Till trew in heart.
The Lord ſayes, I will
The Heathen folke.
Tell me now.
The Biſhop of Hely.
The wind blawes cald.
The Paip that.
The Lord he is my.

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The Tabill.

W

We trow in God allan.
We wretched ſinners.
VVe ſuld beleue in
VVelcome Lord.
VVo is the Heirds of.
With Bibill matters to
VVe thanketh God.
VVe ſuld into rememb.
With heuy heart.
VVas not Salamon.

Y

Yee righteous rejoyce.

FINIS.

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